LUCUBRATIONS

OF

GAFFER GRAYBEARD.

VOL. IV.

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OF

GAINER GRAYBEARD.

BRITISH MUSEUM

Vol. IV.

LUCUBRATIONS

OF

GAFFER GRAYBEARD;

CONTAINING

Many remarkable Incidents never before made public.

Qui capit, ille fecit.

VOL. IV.

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BRITISH MUSEUM

EPISTLE DEDICATORY.

TO THE

REVEREND, LEARNED, INGENIOUS, AND PIOUS

THOMAS GRIBBONS, D. D.

REVEREND SIR,

IF gratitude for favours received can be considered as a Christian duty, it will naturally occur to you, that I could not with any degree of propriety have dedicated these Volumes to any but yourself.

The friendship that so long subsisted between you and my

worthy friend GAFFER GRAY-BEARD, and the many favours which you have beſtowed upon me ſince I firſt preached the Goſpel in Darkhouſe-Lane, call aloud for a public acknowledgement.

If the character of an amiable perſon is to be found in this work, to whom can it be applied in preference to yourſelf?

Accompliſhed with all the learning of the Schools, and compaſſionate to your fellow-creatures in diſtreſs, you have long attracted the attention of the

the religious world. You have not, like Dr. Hymn-maker, ſpent your time in writing for chandlers-ſhops, but, in imitation of your Divine Maſter, gone about doing good. You did not, like the Doctor of Hoxton-ſquare, ſet down with malice *pre penſe*, to murder both the antient and modern Claſſics, but you went to the wells of ſalvation, and drew water from them.

In a word, Sir, if Religion, Piety, Virtue, Learning, Benevolence, Ingenuity, and every other virtue that can ennoble human nature, are of ſervice to

make a character reſpectable, then you are the only perſon in the world to countenance theſe Letters.

Written under your benign protection, they are now offered to your peruſal, and if they can afford you one moment's pleaſure in your leiſure hours, I ſhall think myſelf extremely happy.

I am, SIR,
With the utmoſt Reſpect,
Your Admirer and
ſincere Well-wiſher,
DAVID DOGHEAD, D.D.

From my ſtudy in Darkhouſe-Lane,
Feb. 16th, 1774.

PRE-

PREFACE.

IF the approbation of the virtuous and benevolent of every denomination is an adequate reward for the labours of an author, GAFFER GRAYBEARD might think his time well ſpent; for certain it is, no good man ever yet found fault with the former part of this work.

The author, honeſt GAFFER, is enjoying himſelf in the calm ſhades of Divine Philoſophy, and endeavouring to profit by the errors of others, and as a long friendſhip ſubſiſted between him and I, ſo he deſired me to collect his ſcattered papers and lay before the public ſuch as ſeemed worthy of notice. And in the firſt place let me act con-

conſiſtent with the nature of my profeſſion, by laying the truth before the reader.

Soon after the publication of the firſt two volumes, the critical and monthly reviewers ſat in judgment upon them, and their conduct in that affair puts me in mind of what Alexander ſaid, namely, "he "would engage in the olympic "game, if he had kings to oppoſe "him." To find men of ſuch learning and abilities as the reviewers laying hold of ſome errors in the preſs, and ſuch little trifling things as are not worth mentioning, is as natural as to ſee the *great man Mountain* fighting with a poor diminutive *Lilliputian*.

No glory from ſuch conqueſt could be gained,
And odds are always by the brave diſdained.

Had

Had GAFFER GRAYBEARD been as well acquainted with Philological and Philoſophical learning as the Reviewers, there is no doubt but he would have been able to cloath his thoughts in a much more elegant dreſs; but that was what he never pretended to.

It was his ſentiments on things of conſiderable importance that he committed to writing, and if his opinions were found juſt, he doubted not but Candour would draw a veil over exterior imperfections.

One thing indeed, of which he is accuſed by the Reviewers, muſt not be paſſed over in ſilence, namely, inconſiſtency; and that conſiſts chiefly in the character he has given of the Church of England compared with the general ſtate of Chriſtianity about

about the middle of the fourth century.

With reſpect to his notions on that ſubject, I think he ſtands juſtified in the eye of impartial reaſon. The Church of England may be the beſt conſtituted Church in the world, and yet it may have its faults: perfection is not to be looked for in this life, and the principal object the author ſeems to have had in view, was to expoſe the conduct of thoſe perſons who, under pretence of not being able to comply with the Ceremonies from motives of conſcience, ſet up as ſaints, while their lives are even worſe and much more abandoned than thoſe who have no connection with any Religion whatever. Purity in Religion is much to be wiſhed for, but as things are at preſent we muſt

muſt put up with that which appears moſt free from errors.

Some of the Magazine Compilers have likewiſe taken notice of my friend GAFFER, but their importance in the literary world is of ſuch a trifling nature that even their cenſure becomes approbation. Magazines, or monthly haſhes, adorned, or rather deformed, with obſcene prints, can have no farther connection with the LUCUBRATIONS of GAFFER GRAYBEARD, than light has with darkneſs.

But of all thoſe who have taken notice of the former Volumes of this Work none ſeems ſo worthy of a little wholeſome diſcipline as the Bow-lane orator,[x] who keeps a Pamphlet-ſhop, near where marrow bones and cleavers have often made as;

[x] Dr Towers.

as melodious a noiſe as ever his tongue did at the crown.

That *learned* and *moſt eloquent* gentleman, who bids fair for a place in St. Luke's hoſpital, in conſequence of his attachment to Jack *Squintum* and liberty, is the publiſher of a hetrogeneous maſs of rubbiſh that makes its appearance to the publick on Saturdays, and to the cheeſemongers on the Monday following.

In one part of that *celebrated* and *very learned work*, the orator has in the moſt infamous and blaſphemous manner introduced an account of the Lucubrations of my worthy friend Gaffer Graybeard. But truth, that torch by which the human mind is enlightened, was forced from him at laſt. He freely acknowledges the miniſters of the Goſpel (i. e. the Diſſenting miniſters) are often regardleſs

regardleſs of their poor hearers, but cringing and obſequious to ſuch as are rich.

Gaffer, before his departure from London, contracted an acquaintance with the orator, and the public are left to judge whether he has not drawn his character in the moſt faithful manner in this part of the work.

The publick are here preſented with the moſt ſolemn matters of fact; crimes have been treated of in the moſt candid manner, and virtue has in no ſingle inſtance been concealed or miſrepreſented.

Happy for the Diſſenting miniſters, who are my *dearly beloved brethren*, they would take the advice of honeſt Gaffer; then their names would begin to ſhine with a diſtinguiſh-

ing

ing luſtre, and real greatneſs would ariſe from ſolid glory. They would no more be the ſport of the prophane, for their example containing a practical comment on their Doctrine, they would live and preach Chriſt. Upon the whole, let me beg that the conſideration of theſe thing, may ſink deep into the hearts of all thoſe who make a publick profeſſion of religion; that, inſtead of ſpending their time in acting diametrically oppoſite to the doctrines of the goſpel, they may bring honour to their divine Redeemer, and convince the enemies of religion that chriſtianity is a living active principle in the mind.

Then we ſhall ſee ſuch men in the pulpits as *Bates*, *Baxter*, *How*, *Charnock*, &c. then the poor and the afflicted will be as much regarded as the affluent, while juſtice, ſo much wiſhed

wiſhed for, will run down our ſtreets like water, and righteouſneſs like a mighty ſtream.

DAVID DOGHEAD, D. D.

From my ſtudy in Darkhouſe-Lane,
Feb. 16th, 1774.

A SCALE

A SCALE *of the comparative Difference between the Characters, &c.*

	Learning.	Piety.	Eloquence.	Benevolence.
John Brafs-kettle -	5 —	0 —	0 —	0
Strolling Player - -	1 —	0 —	1 —	0
Dancing Bear - -	19 —	0 —	1 —	0
Jolly Doctor - -	6 —	3 —	2 —	4
Dr. Hymn-maker -	5 —	2 —	4 —	1
Mr. Carpet - -	15 —	19 —	17 —	19
Dr. Amiable -	17 —	15 —	18 —	16
Mr. Diſhclout	4 —	0 —	0 —	0
Mr. Cord -	0 —	0 —	0 —	0
Mr. Black	0 —	0 —	0 —	9
Dr. Dyce - -	18 —	5 —	12 —	1
Dr. Halfpint -	19 —	1 —	1 —	0

Mr. Ruin - -	5	—	2	—	3	—	2
Sir John Barleycorn -	4	—	1	—	2	—	0
Dr. Martext -	3	—	0	—	5	—	0
Mr. Crown - -	8	—	2	—	6	—	0
Dr. Pharisee -	7	—	1	—	4	—	0
Mr. Calassio -	16	—	0	—	7	—	0
Mr. Popwell -	4	—	0	—	1	—	0
Mr. Packer - -	1	—	1	—	4	—	0
Mr. North -	4	—	0	—	2	—	0
Dr. Firebrand -	12	—	2	—	7	—	1
Mr. Gravel-pits -	3	—	0	—	1	—	0

In order to understand this Scale, the Reader must observe, that Twenty is the utmost degree of perfection that any thing can arise to; but that being inconsistent with human nature in this world, therefore the Characters, consistent with truth, are kept under that Standard.

LUCUBRATIONS
OF
GAFFER GRAYBEARD.

LETTER LXIX.

My dear friend,

AS the two combatants were fairly entered the liſts, I reſolved to become an unconcerned ſpectator, unleſs either of them ſhould aſk my opinion. Accordingly Dr. Hymnmaker, fetching a deep ſigh, looked

up to heaven, and then ſpoke as follows,

Dr. H. I am not ſurpriſed, Mr. Graybeard, to find this limb of the law ſpeaking ſo prophanely againſt the holy ſcience of divinity, for he has turned his back upon all ſorts of religion, and God has forſaken him; for it is not long ſince he came to me begging.

Gaff. G. I thought that the favour or love of God to an individual could not be known by any circumſtance of a temporal nature; ſo that Philo may be in want of bread and yet be a real Chriſtian.

Dr. H. I acknowledge, Sir, that ſome part of what you ſay is true; but then it is well known that when God afflicts any of his people by denying them the neceſſaries of life, they

they are then ſupported by grace. But that Philo never knew the grace of God will appear evident if you only attend to what I am going to tell you.

This Gentleman, Sir, this Philo lived above his circumſtances, and was moſt extravagant in the purchace of books, many of which were never paid for. He pretended to divine grace, but when poverty overtook him, he could not live upon it, as the people of God in all ages have done. Nay, it is not long ſince I ſaw him go into a Chandler-ſhop in Hoxton and buy a roll and a halfpenny worth of cheeſe.

Philo. Doctor, you have been very copious in mentioning what you know of my poverty, and ni condemning that as a vice, which aroſe from pure motives of neceſſity. I

am apt to think that your grace and your experience would be as uſeleſs in the markat as the biſhops bleſſing. I am ſure your experience would not bring home a joint of meat, were it not for the prudent manner in which you lay it out; I mean your artful way of deceiving thoſe who hear you. Deceit is the life of falſe religion, and it ill-becomes you who have cheated many hundreds, nay, who live by cheating, which you practice every Sunday, to condemn me for running into debt for the neceſſaries of life, when I was naked and ſtarving.

To have a wife lying on a ſick bed, and five children crying for bread, was perhaps but a very trifling matter, but in my opinion it would have put your boaſted experience to a ſevere trial. You mention my going into the Chandler-ſhop, and you

might have added that you ſaw me go to the pump and drink water. Even ſuppoſing you had looked upon me as the vileſt wretch that ever lived, yet it was your duty to have relieved me, for God cauſeth the ſun to riſe on the good and on the bad, and ſendeth rain on the juſt and the unjuſt. To give the devil his due I will freely declare that even the Jolly Doctor has put his hand in his pocket and given me a guinea. But I deviate from the point; pray, Sir, ſince divinity is ſuch an excellent ſcience, pray anſwer me one queſtion, what are the prerequiſite qualifications neceſſary for the attainment of this famous ſcience?

Dr. H. The perſon who would be a divine ſo as to bring ſouls to Chriſt muſt firſt be divinely inſpired ſo as to know that he is one of the

children of God, for how can he convert ſinners if he is not firſt converted himſelf? He is then to learn Latin, Greek and Hebrew, after which he muſt go to the univerſity, or, as we call it, the academy, where he muſt learn logic, rhetoric, the mathematics, aſtronomy, hiſtory, civil and eccleſiaſtical, and metaphyſics.

Philo. Heavens, what a catalogue! And pray Doctor are you maſter of all thoſe? for I am ſure you have mentioned ſome ſciences that your pupils know no more of than the natives of California or Spitzbergen. Rhetoric I muſt acknowledge you excell in, for I never take your book on that ſubject in my hand, without ſubjecting my countenance to viſible riſibility. As to Chronology you have afforded me both inſtruction and entertainment; your

regard

regard for the family of Oliver Cromwell, has led you into a detail, as entertaining as Jeffery of Monmouth's, and as accurate as Voltaire's hiſtory of Europe. It is true, there is a breach in it from the tenth to the ſixteenth century, but that is only a trifle.

Dr. H. I am acquainted, Sir, with all thoſe ſciences, and what is ſtill more I am reckoned one of the greateſt divines, and one of the moſt amiable men in the world.

Philo. We have a maxim in our law, viz. "Hearſay is no evidence," and I ſhall not enquire what people ſay of you, becauſe I have heard many things that perhaps may not be true. But pray, Sir, in what manner is this divinity learned?

Dr. H. By reading the *Synopſis Criticorum*, *Mark*, *Maſtriecht*, *Turretin*, *Ridgly*, the *Lime-ſtreet Sermons*, and *Twiſſe* on *Divine Grace*. Theſe books fill their minds with divine knowledge, and help them to wage war with Satan.

Philo. But for heaven's ſake of what ſervice can all the ſciences above-mentioned be to a ſtudent who wants to underſtand theſe books? They were written by a ſett of idle drones who never ſtudied human nature, and in general were enemies to real benevolence. In our profeſſion we read no more books than are uſeful, and the chancellor of England may diſcharge his duty without being acquainted with one half of the ſciences mentioned by you. But I know that moſt of your pupils are extremely ignorant, and

and if the ſtream is weak, the ſource cannot be ſtrong.

The Hymn-maker flung down his pipe and took up a large poker, and would certainly have made an inciſion in poor Philo's ſcull had I not got between them.

The Doctor's lady made her appearance and ſeeing Philo, ſhe fixed her talons in his cheeks, and would have prevented him from ever appearing in Weſtminſter Hall had not I brought him off and conducted him home to his lodgings, where his children received him with marks of filial affection.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER LXX.

My dear friend,

I HAVE ſtill ſome other *very reſpectable* characters to lay before you, but I muſt employ my pen during the preſent hour in giving you an account how this pretended divinity of the *ſelf-inſpired* operates upon the mind, by drawing a parallel between it and the myſtic divinity of the papiſts. It is well known, that in all ages, ſome perſons have been led into evtravagancies through the natural warmth of their tempers, when not brought under the direction and government of reaſon; of this we have many inſtances in hiſtory; and to it may be aſcribed the origin and progreſs of myſtic divinity.

Some

Some of these enthusiastic flights we meet with in the fathers, but they are mere trifles when compared with the wild fancies of latter ages.

St. Bernard, as he is commonly called, was one of the greatest enthusiasts that ever lived, and by the warmth of his addresses to the passions, he prevailed upon vast numbers of people to go from Europe on a romantic expedition against the Saracens, in order to rescue Jerusalem out of their hands. Few of these deluded wretches ever returned to Europe, and their absence gave the Pope an opportunity to establish his power.

From that period mystic divinity continued to encrease, in consequence of the priests keeping the people in the most profound state of igno

ignorance. It conſiſted in this, that the devotee looked upon himſelf as one of the favourites of Heaven, and that he was admitted into the ſecret councils of the Almighty. every ſudden ſlight of the diſtempered imagination was conſtrued into a belief that God was ſpeaking to them, and by that they were led to look down with contempt on ſuch as regulated their conduct by the ſober dictates of reaſon.

It was natural to imagine, or at leaſt to hope that the reformation would have put an end to ſuch madneſs, but inſtead of that, it ſeemed to encreaſe rather than diminiſh. Many of the religious females looked upon themſelves as divinely inſpired, and even dreams were conſtrued into meſſages from Heaven. In this they were conſiderably aſſiſted by one Rutherford, a Scotch

a Scotch divine in the laſt century, who wrote a volume of letters, many parts of which are downright blaſphemy. In one place he ſays, "O! what condeſcenſion, that "Chriſt will kiſs my black mouth, "and take me on his knee like a "baby. I have been a wicked "child in playing the truant, but "altho' he ſometimes flogged me, "yet when I cried, he was kind "and gave me a cake."

That the myſtic divinity of the papiſts, and that of the modern enthuſiaſts, particularly the independants, is the ſame, will appear evident to any one who will give themſelves the trouble to read the following books, *Thomas a Kempis, Drexellius, on Eternity, the Garden of the Soul, and Butler's Lives of the Saints.*

On

On the other hand, let him read *Rutherford's Letters, The Life of Elizabeth Weſt, Elizabeth Cairns, Alexander Peden, Mrs. Houſman, Dr. Hymn-maker's Life of a Young Gentleman, Whitfield's Life and Sermons*, with many others that might be mentioned.

But this madneſs has not been confined to proſe, we find the aſſiſtance of the muſes called in to ſet it off with a better grace.

I ſhall only trouble you with two ſpecimens, one by a papiſt, the other by an independant.

A PAPIST.

O king of love, thy bleſſed fire
Does ſuch ſweet flames excite,
That firſt it raiſes the deſire,
Then fills it with delight.

See Garden of the Soul

A PROTESTANT.

All nature's art can never cure
The heavenly pains I found,
And 'tis beyond all beauties power
To make another wound.

See Watts's Lyric Poems.

Now my friend, what do you think of theſe expreſſions? are they not like the marriage nuptials of St. Tereſſa with Chriſt? I am ſure that myſtic divinity is more deſtructive to the ſouls of men, than all the hereſies that ever yet were brought into the church. It blinds the eyes of the laity, and eſtabliſhes the power of the prieſts.

In the tenth century, the prieſts, in order to aggrandize themſelves, taught the people to believe that the world would be at an end within a year, and the conſequence was, their deluded

deluded followers brought all their effects and laid them at the doors of the convents.

In the ſame manner, about ten years ago, one of the arch-methodiſts having converted a life-guards-man, brought him to the Foundery, and deſired him to declare that it had been revealed to him from Heaven, that the world would be at an end on the twenty-eighth day of February.

It is impoſſible to expreſs the confuſion that took place among the deluded people, who believing the impoſtor, neglected the duty they owed to their families, ſold up their goods, and brought the money to the Foundery. At laſt the time came, but the event did not take place, and the life-guards-man who foretold the end of the world, was impri-

impriſoned in the King's-Bench, a circumſtance he did not forſee.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXXI.

My dear friend,

I MUST now beg that you will attend to a ſtory of a very ſerious nature, and which in its conſequences has made more deiſts among the proteſtant diſſenters, particularly the independants, than the writings of *Hobbs*, *Shaftſbury*, or *Tindal*.

Mr. *Papwell* × was born in Yorkſhire, and educated at an academy near Leeds, kept by a Scotchman, † remarkable only for his dulneſs and ſtupi-

× Joſeph Popplewell.

† Mr. James Scott.

ſtupidity. When he had finiſhed his ſtudies, he was ſent out into the vineyard to convert ſouls, and alſo to procure a meeting.

After ſtrolling ſome years about the country, without meeting with encouragement equal to what he thought his merits entitled him to, he was made choice of to aſſiſt in the pulpit an old ſuperannuated fellow in the town of Nottingham, famous for writing in defence of the Trinity.

In that town he married a virtuous young woman who bore him four children, and for ſome time he lived as well as could have been expected; for altho' he was a dull heavy preacher, yet Mr. Hungry, ſon-in-law of Mr. Bulhead in London,

* James Sloſs.

don, took him under his protection, becauſe of his young family.

Ambition you know is natural to men, and few are contented with a low tho' independent ſtation; they are continually ſeeking ſomething beyond what providence has allotted for them, ſo that to ſuch perſons may juſtly be applied the words of Dr. Hymn-maker,

Let golden mountains of Peru,
Let Indias wealth be ours,
The ſoul in wretchedneſs would pine,
And ſtarve amidſt the ſtores.
Could we poſſeſs the world, and graſp
At thouſand worlds beſide,
The empire would not bound our wiſh,
How'er it pleas'd our pride.

While Mr. Popwell was exhibiting at Nottingham, and wiſhing for a better ſtation, or rather to ſet up

maſter

maſter for himſelf, Mr. Strong, the hair-merchant, happened to go into that part of the country, in order to collect ſome money from the barbers.

While he was there, he happened to meet with Mr. Popwell, and their ſouls being congenial, the hair-merchant propoſed that he ſhould be brought to London, in order to exhibit in Rabbit-Court.[x] As the congregation was but ſmall, there was no great difficulty in getting him elected, and accordingly he took poſſeſſion of the meeting in form; an elegant houſe was furniſhed for his wife, and the hair-merchant, a Scotch taylor, and a dry-ſalter, ſupplied him with money, wigs, cloaths, and pickles. This however, was a ſunſhine of proſperity that did not laſt long.

[x] Hare Court.

Mr.

Mr. Popwell, altho' a moſt clumſey vulgar fellow, yet loved a woman, or rather he loved a variety of them; for his wife was not (as he thought) able to ſerve him. He was afraid to meddle with the girls who are at a little expence common to every one, and forgetting the advice given by Horace, he encountered the moſt inſupportable difficulties, rather than enjoy a whore for the ſmall price of half a guinea.

The dry-ſalter had a daughter extremely handſome, and as her father would not give her any money as a marriage portion, ſhe became in a manner diſtracted, and life itſelf was a burthen.

The father, conſiſtent with the character of a real hypocrite, imagined the ſpirit was beginning to work, and therefore the miniſter

was

was desired to attend her. Mr. Popwell came according to order, but all the spiritual consolation he could offer had no effect on her spirits; she longed for comfort from another object, and the minister, tho' a blockhead in every thing that constitutes the character of a man, yet discovered that the flesh would be more agreeable to her than the spirit.

Mr. Popwell began to revolve in his mind, whether he should not make an attempt on her virtue, and however horrid such a resolution might seem to one who had the fear of God before his eyes, yet this converted preacher went through with it.

From one freedom he proceeded to another, and so on gradually, till the fortress gave way, and the

youn

young woman was ruined. For ſome time a repetition of unlawful pleaſures blunted the edge of conſcience, but at laſt, the young woman became pregnant, ſo that there appeared no poſſibility of concealing her ſhame.

Mr. Popwell knew that he would be turned out of the meeting if his guilt was once made public, and therefore, like a real monſter of iniquity, he reſolved to conceal one crime by committing another.

He employed a young fellow, apprentice to an apothecary, to make him up a medicine that would cauſe abortion; and the conſequence was, the young woman was taken extremely ill. The phyſician ſent for to attend her, diſcovered her diſorder, and told it to her father, who inſiſted upon knowing who had

ſeduced

seduced her. The girl was obliged to tell him, upon which Mr. Popwell took to his heels, and left his wife and children to starve. Let a parent read this, and then let him judge of pretended piety.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXXII.

My dear friend,

THE revolutions that take place in the human mind are too numerous, and of too complicated a nature, to be even comprehended by a single individual. The actions of men are as different as their faces, and before we have thoroughly comprehended one object, another

another presents itself to our view. However, nothing comes amiss to the philosopher, who, like the industrious bee, extracts something sweet from the vices as well as the virtues of mankind.

The preacher, like John Brass Kettle, turns usurer, and the clog-maker, with a scull as hard as womens supporters, turns preacher, in order to administer consolation to religious booksellers and others, who look upon him as divinely inspired.

I was naturally led into these thoughts, from considering the character of a young spark, who has lately made his appearance on the religious theatre in London, and now exhibits to a very numerous congregation. I can assure you he is an original in his way, and had he been brought up in Covent-Gar-

den, inſtead of Jewin-Street, he would have gone near towards eclipſing Woodward, and at laſt become a formidable rival to Garrick. Formed by nature to deal in ſpiritual things, he has had great ſucceſs, and bids fair to purchaſe a manor within a a few years.

Mr. John Packer,[x] was born in London, of honeſt parents, who (to uſe the Newgate phraſe) gave him a good education, had he improved it to a proper purpoſe: but John had ſcarce learned to read his bible, when he diſcovered ſuch an untoward diſpoſition, and became ſo diſobedient to his parents, that the moſt unfavourable hopes were conceived of him. His mother ſhed tears, and his father was often heard to ſay, that he would bring his grey hairs with ſorrow to the grave. But here I muſt leave Maſter Johnny, to relate

[x] John Towers.

relate ſomething concerning his elder brother, Joſeph, the celebrated * orator of Bow-Lane. Joſeph having acquired as much knowledge of learning, as a cat does of muſic by jumping over a harpſichord, was bound apprentice to a jobbing printer, with whom he ſerved ſeven years, and then married a girl who had been ſome years a ſervant in a public-houſe. He continued to work ſometime as a compoſitor, but being of a lazy idle diſpoſition, he took a pamphlet ſhop and reſolved to turn author himſelf.

His firſt publication was a pamphlet againſt one of the arch methodiſts, in defence of John Wilkes and Liberty, whoſe character had been publickly attacked by the famous, or rather infamous preacher. As the pamphlet was publiſhed at a time when political diſputes ran

 high,

* Dr Joseph Towers.

high, ſo it ſold tolerably well; and the orator, that nothing might be wanting to eſtabliſh his reputation, went to the Crown, and delivered two or three orations in praiſe of his *maſterly* and *elegant* performance. Indeed, he was ſuch an enthuſiaſt in defence of the greateſt impoſtor that ever England produced, that if any man ventured to attack the character of the arch-patriot, he was threatened to be kicked out of the club-room.

Finding himſelf ſo ſucceſsful in his firſt attempt, he reſolved to venture a little farther, and accordingly attacked a learned baronet, who had publiſhed ſome records, the veracity of which, none ever yet dared to call in queſtion. Here, however, the orator ſucceeded with a very bad grace indeed, for he ſaid that it was no matter how bad the means were,

were, ſo as the end aimed at was good.

A ſtranger to real liberty, conſiſtent with the natural rights of mankind, but a ſlave to every vagabond who pretended to patriotiſm; the orator continues to exhibit at the crown; and *I apprehend* he will do ſo, till a ſpark of modeſt ſhame drives him from it.

Such was the brother of Mr. John Packer, and he, ever regardful of the intereſts of his family, got Johnny bound apprentice to a tradeſman in London, with whom he played many knaviſh pranks.

But while he was going on in that manner, a revolution both ſudden and unexpected took place in his conduct, ſo that in a little time he became a new man, or in other words,

words, was delivered from a ſtate of ſin, and brought into a ſtate of grace.

The caſe was this,

Johnny had been one day taking a walk to the Bun-houſe at Chelſea, when he met with a handſome girl, and both without any degree of formality, took a walk to Chelſea Gardens in order to laugh at the aukward motions of thoſe honeſt veterans who had ventured their lives for the honour of their country.

Having viewed that celebrated ſtructure, the Hoſpital, they both returned to London, and a mutual friendſhip, or rather a temporary love took place between the young couple.

In

In the courſe of their converſation, Johnny diſcovered, that his dear inamorato lived in the ſame neighbourhood with himſelf; that her father was a ticket-porter, and that ſhe had been ſome time apprentice to a milliner. She further informed him, that ſhe went one day to a meeting in Jewin-Street, where ſhe was born again, and that ſhe was now one of the people of God.

As Johnny had been a moſt violent enemy to the methodiſts, and all others who pretended to an experience of the new birth, he found himſelf not a little diſconcerted. He was really in love with the girl, but he knew not what to make of her regeneration work. He would have been glad to have her for a wife, or rather that ſhe would *convert* him into a huſband; bu like Nico-

Nicodemus of old, he did not chuſe to go a ſecond time into his mother's belly, no not for the moſt valuable prize in the world.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXXIII.

My dear friend,

I Remember an expreſſion made uſe of by Mr. *Robert Bolton*, a famous puritan divine in the laſt century, who, ſpeaking of the temptations we are aſſaulted with, ſays, "It is dangerous to go too near the "Devil's marches."

Whatever truth may be in the words of Mr. *Bolton*, I ſhall not at preſent

preſent enquire, but certain it is, that Mr. Packer found it a dangerous affair to come too near the confines of beauty. In a word, he was taken captive, and what was ſtill worſe, in order to rivet his chains more cloſe than ever, he waited on the dear object of his love next day. Miſs received him in a very obliging manner, and told him ſhe was juſt going to the meeting. This ſhe ſpoke as an intimation that his company would not be in the leaſt diſagreeable, and John, who was bound in the fetters of love, conſidered it as an honour to comply.

The meeting to which they went was kept by an old debauchee,* who had been one of the greateſt profligates that ever lived, but in his advanced years, finding all other employments unſucceſsful, he had recourſe to preaching, as the only ſure

* Mr John Hart.

ſure method to fill his pockets. He was too cunning to join himſelf to the regular diſſenters, and therefore he opened a warehouſe, in order to accommodate all parties who chuſe to deal in what is commonly called chriſtian experience.

This celebrated preacher was followed by a vaſt concourſe of people, who could aſſign no other reaſon for doing ſo, but merely the ſound of his voice, for whatever was the text, the ſubject was the ſame, and I have converſed with ſome of his hearers, nay, with many of them, and found them utterly ignorant of the firſt principles of chriſtianity. He made a ſhift, however, to procure a comfortable ſubſiſtence, and even to ſave money, for money is never ſo eaſily acquired as by trading in religion.

To

To this celebrated warehouſe or theatre, Mr. Packer and his beloved went, tho' both with different views; ſhe to receive conſolation and a huſband, and he to procure a wife without being born again. But many perſons, wiſe enough in their own conceit, prove fools at laſt.

The preacher mounted the pulpit, and in his uſual way began to threaten the people with all the terrors of the divine law. He told them that none could be ſaved, unleſs they were born again, and ſo explicit was he in pointing out the marks by which ſuch a remarkable event is known, that he left no room for any one to doubt, unleſs they had been as great infidels as myſelf, and my friend. Mr. Packer attended to what he ſaid, with ſo much ſerioufneſs, that he almoſt forgot his fair partner, and upon his

his return home took to his bed, where he continued above a month to the no ſmall loſs of his maſter, whoſe buſineſs required his attendance.

His maſter, who had often had conflicts with the world in order to provide for his family, knew nothing of Johnny's having entered the liſts with Satan, and as the young man did not expect that he would live, he begged that his miſtreſs might be permitted to viſit him.

His requeſt was complied with, and after exchanging a few mutual embraces, ſhe told him not to deſpair, for now the ſpirit was working in him. This gave him a reviving dawn of hope, and to complete the work of his regeneration, the miniſter was ſent for. It is true the *reverend* and *learned* Gentleman heſi-

hesitated whether he should go or not, because he had not learned whether the young man had any money, but no sooner did he hear that he was in love with Miss Blond the Milliner, than he went with the utmost alacrity, not doubting but he would be *paid*.

Upon his arrival he found the youth engaged in a violent conflict with Satan, but partly by prayer, and partly by quoting some texts of Scripture that relate to the temporal state of the Jews, our young adventurer was converted, and the old man banished to the red sea.

Mr. Packer now became a constant attendant on the preachers sermons, which made a deep impression on his heart, and at last he resolved to set up for himself. Indeed there was one objection in his way that seemed

ſeemed in its own nature difficult to be removed, and that was the exiſtence of the identical man by whom he had been converted; but death removed his ſcruples, for the preacher died and was buried in Bunhill-fields.

Every obſtacle being thus removed Mr. Packer had recourſe to his brother, the Bow-lane orator, deſiring his advice how to act. The orator told him that if he would deny the divinity of Chriſt, and pay no regard to the Sacred Scriptures, he would uſe his utmoſt endeavours to get him admitted as an aſſiſtant preacher to Caleb Satan,* his own paſtor.

Jack Packer, who had formerly gone along with his brother to Caleb Satan's meeting, and ſaw only a handful of people there, wiſely imagined

* Dr Caleb Fleming.

gined it would never do; for he knew that in ſpirituals, like his brother in politics, nothing leſs than popularity would go to the market.

Accordingly he left Joſeph the orator, and having found in proper minds a few of his hot-brained ignorant adherents, they agreed to take a meeting for him near the remains of an antient monaſtry,* and within ſight of that fatal place where many martyrs ſealed their believing to the truth with their lives.

In that place he now continues to exhibit to a numerous congregation who call themſelves independants, becauſe Jackey, by a maſter-ſtroke of policy, procured three of the moſt eminent independant miniſters to ordain him at the *worthy* and *modeſt* Mr. Popwel's meeting.

And

* Bartholomew Cloſe.

And now my friend, what do you think of *miniſter-making* in London? Is it not a moſt excellent trade? But whatever you think, I am ſure Mr. Packer has found it ſo, and although he riots on the ſpoils of a thouſand deluded wretches, yet he would not give one penny to ſave the whole human race from perdition.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXXIV.

My dear friend,

MUCH has been ſaid by divines, and written by moraliſts, concerning a right and proper uſe of riches, ſome propoſing one ſcheme

ſcheme and ſome another; but in my humble opinion experience proves all their learned diſquiſitions to be no ſtronger than the Cobweb Divinity of the maſter of the ſentences.

There is nothing more common than to hear a poor perſon declaiming againſt prodigality, becauſe he has it not in his power to ſatisfy his natural deſires, and the prodigal is equally illiberal in his invectives againſt avarice becauſe he ſquanders away his ſubſtance in riotous living.

No man's heart can be known till he has the means in his power by which he can be enabled to act, for thoſe means bring forth the latent ſeeds that lie hid in the mind and expoſe them to the public view on the extenſive theatre of this lower world. I ſhall therefore without

con-

confining myſelf to an attendance on dry formal ſyſtematical rules by which many thouſands have been deluded, proceed to lay before you a character, as ſolemn as that of Caiaphas the high-prieſt, as luxurious as that of the rich man in the Goſpel, and as hard-hearted as Henry the ſeventh of England; one who has dealt long in very religious experience, who can at any time aſſume the moſt ſanctified looks, but

—— Whoſe bolted door,
Ne'er mov'd in pity to the wand'ring poor.

Dr. James Phariſee,[x] was born in Scotland, and deſigned by his parents for the plough, for his father was as fond of that uſeful employement in huſbandry as *Cincinnatus*, the famous Roman of old.

[x] Dr Walſon.

But

But James diſcovered ſuch a ſtrong propenſity to learning that his mother inſiſted on his being made a *Meſs John*, or in other words, a miniſter of the *Kirk* of Scotland.

Accordingly he was ſent to the Grammar-ſchool of Montroſe, and from thence to King College in Aberdeen.

In that learned Seminary he remained the extenſive term of three years, but neither the claſſic authors nor the moſt polite modern writings had charms ſufficient to attract his attention.

In a word, his ſcull was as hard as a Scotch pebble, and a poker of ſix pounds weight might have been applied to it with conſiderable force without the leaſt danger of committing murder.

But

But if he was incapable of reliſhing any thing fine, yet he had a genius for what is really deſpicable. He made himſelf maſter of a waggon load of Dutch ſyſtematical authors who wrote with the ſame deſign as the Schoolmen, namely, to declare the purity of the Goſpel, and perplex weak minds.

Indeed he became ſuch a proficient in what ſome perſons call divinity, that his tutors gave him the degree of Maſter of Arts, and ſent him out to the vineyard, not doubting but his vaſt knowledge would bring many ſouls to Chriſt, and contribute not a little towards overthrowing Satan's kingdom.

For ſome time he preached as a probationer in Scotland, but as moſt of the Churches in that part of the Iſland are given to the dependents of

of the nobility and gentry as well as in England, ſo he began to deſpair of ever attaining one. At one time he had thoughts of joining himſelf to the double-ſwearing Seceders, commonly called burghers, but Alexander the corrector[x] having been on a journey to Aberdeen, in one of his romantic fits propoſed that Mr. James Phariſee ſhould attend him to London, and be his Chaplain during his mayoralty, for which he then ſtood a candidate.

It was very remarkable in the opinion of ſome perſons how the corrector could think to ſet aſide the act of uniformity by making a preſbyterian miniſter his chaplain while he acted as the chief magiſtrate in the city of London, nor were they leſs ſurprized that James did not conſider the utter impoſſibility of his ever acting in that ſtation

[x] Alexander Cruden.

tion unleſs he had been canonically ordained according to the ritual of the Church of England. But to this it may be anſwered, that the corrector was mad, and Mr. Phariſee was utterly unacquainted with any Law whatever.

However, both parties arrived ſafe in London, which, as Tacitus ſays of Rome, may be conſidered as the receptacle of all ſorts of perſons in the univerſe. The corrector loſt his election, and the Scotch probationer was obliged to try his fortune in the country in order to pick up a meeting.

It was not long before he ſucceeded in ſuch a manner as ſurmounted his utmoſt expectation, and ought to remain upon record as an example for his ſucceſſors to copy after.

An

An old rich miſer, who by lending money on uſury, and grinding the faces of the poor, left his niece, a ſmall crooked deformed creature with carroty locks, the vaſt ſum of twenty thouſand pounds.

The old rogue had been long a member of the meeting where Mr. Phariſee exhibited, ſo his niece continued to attend it after his death, and it was not long before a bargain was ſtruck between her and the preacher. Accordingly a marriage took place, and the Scotch preacher, not willing to remain any longer in the country, came to London with ſome thoughts of living like a Gentleman, but avarice, his predominant principle, would not ſuffer him to remain idle.

A meeting happening to fall vacant in the borough of Southwark, where

where dead men uſed to be depoſited, he was made choice of as the paſtor. His ſanctified looks now procure him reſpect, and as the greateſt number of his hearers are old Uſurers, Pawn-brokers and Stock-jobbers, ſo he converts a little of their money into his own pockets.

He has made a miniſter of his oldeſt ſon, and his ſecond is an Attorney, or, as the vulgar call him, a Lawyer, but both are as arrant blockheads as the old gentleman himſelf. I ſhall have occaſion to introduce him again to your acquaintance in my next Letter along with one of his Colleagues.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER LXXV.

My dear friend,

YOU have ſeen in what manner Dr. James Phariſee acquired a fortune, and I can aſſure you, that, except Mr. Thomas Diſhclout, he is now the richeſt diſſenting miniſter in England; but I muſt now introduce to your acquaintance one of his countrymen, who at preſent makes a very conſiderable figure in London.

Mr. John Crown* was born in the county of Aberdeen in Scotland, and his father, who had acquired ſome money, ſent him to the Grammar-ſchool in order to make a miniſter of him; but Jack was of ſuch an untoward diſpoſition, that he was every day engaged in ſquabbles

* John Stephens.

with the reſt of the boys, for which his poſteriors often underwent a moſt ſevere flagellation. Nay to ſuch an hight did he carry his overbearing temper that one of his ſchool-fellows actually knocked out his right eye, leaving him but one to aſſiſt him in finiſhing his ſtudies.

But John was not diſconcerted, for having continued at the Grammar-ſchool till he conſtrued Juſtin, and the ſecular ode of Horace, he was ſent to King's College in Aberdeen, where, like Mr. Phariſee, he took the degree of Maſter of Arts, and then was ſent out to labour in the vineyard. His ſucceſs however was no better than that of his friend, for none of the patrons of pariſhes would preſent him to a Church; ſo that, like his countrymen who broke down the Roman wall, he was obliged to come

come and ſeek his fortune in England.

He was now about twenty-five years of age, and although he made ſeveral attempts to procure a meeting in London, yet he found it extremely difficult, and at laſt he was reduced to great difficulties how to procure a ſubſiſtence. It is true ſome of the diſſenters contributed towards his relief, but they, in imitation of the ſons of Loyola to the poor Iriſh Haymakers, who play in the ſummer near Lincoln's-Inn-fields, ſoon began to wiſh that he would return again to the land of cakes.

This was a moſt mortifying ſtroke to Mr. Crown, who had hopes of ſucceeding equal to his friend Mr. Phariſee, and therefore ſooner than return to Scotland he reſolved to ſet

ſail for North America; but while he was deliberating on the moſt proper means to be uſed in order to pay for his paſſage, a Nobleman made choice of him to be tutor to his ſons, and in that ſtation he remained ſeveral years.

As the family came to London in the winter, Mr. Crown, who was not under any reſtraint, preached as often as he had an opportunity in the different meetings of proteſtant diſſenters, particularly ſuch as were of the calviniſtical perſuaſion.

He thought (and perhaps with good reaſon) that he had as good a right to do ſo as the Churchmen who preach for a lectureſhip. By theſe means he became daily better known among the people; and that nothing might be wanting to eſtabliſh his popularity, he contracted a friend-

friendſhip with the Hymn-maker and the Jolly Doctor, who both agreed to take him under their protection, and give him the beſt advice they could. At that time a meeting happened to fall vacant near Endfield in the county of Middleſex, and with very little difficulty our hero was choſen to exhibit in it. A day was fixed for his ordination, and as one of the ſtudents in the Jolly Doctor's academy invited me to be preſent at the ceremony, I reſolved to embrace ſo favourable an opportunity.

The ordination ſermon was preached by a fat Scotchman,* who exhibits in the purlieus of Wapping, and to do him juſtice he did not neglect to magnify the nature of his office: he took notice that it was an infinite condeſcenſion in the Almighty to ſend ſo many miniſters from Scotland,

* John Muir.

land, who had no other view in comming to London, but that of saving poor souls from eternal perdition.

The sermon being ended, Dr. James Pharisee mounted the pulpit, and made a long discourse, wherein he told us that the schools of the prophets, as mentioned in the Old Testament, were the same as our colleges in the present age. "No "man, said he, could be ranked "among the number of the Pro-"phets unless he had been brought "up in their schools; and to prove to "you that our brother who is now "going to be ordained by our hands "is one of the sons of the prop-"hets, I need only tell you that he "was educated in King's College "in *the bra muckle Town of Aber-"deen.*" For my own part I began to imagine that the reverend Dr. Pharisee had been perusing Dr. Stukely's account

account of Stonehenge, or rather Cæsar or Tacitus, who both tell us that the Druids in Gaul and in Britain never suffered any but their scholars to be acquainted with those sacred mysteries which they kept confined in their groves.

The Doctor, in order to corroborate all that had been advanced by his learned brother who preached the sermon, told us, that Mr. Crown being ordained in Deadman's-place, was a good omen of success to him in the work at the ministry. Here he quoted a passage out of Neal's history of the Puritans, where that candid Author tells us that the first meeting of Protestant Dissenters was in Deadman's-place.

When he had done with this mean and to me fulsome harangue, Mr. Crown was called

upon to deliver his confeſſion of faith, which he did by reading a paper, and then Dr. Phariſee the fat ſcotch preacher, and the amorous * Dr. Martext, laid their hands upon his head, and declared that he was an ordained miniſter. I was juſt going to remove from the ſcene of action where ſuch a piece of ſolemn mockery had been exhibited, had not Dr. Martext mounted the pulpit to give the new dubbed knight his charge; but to repeat any part of his diſcourſe would be nauſeous to my friend, and therefore I muſt inform you that after the whole affair was over, I was invited to dine on a good feaſt, not of the ſpirit, but of fleſh and fiſh; with every thing elſe that could be reliſhed by a craving appetite.

Dr. Martext cracked a merry joke but! O grief of griefs, it was not long before

* Dr Crookshanks.

before he was at the age of ſeventy diſcovered in a bawdy houſe with a whore, by Mr. Bullhead, the *pious* laceman, who went and informed his hearers, and poor Martext was left in the ſame diſconſolate ſituation as the daughter of my old landlord Pickle, who had been ſeduced by his rakiſh ſon.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXXVI.

My dear friend,

MR. Crown had not been long ſettled with his new congregation, when an affair took place, that in its conſequences brought him upon the theatre, or into the pulpit in London.

* An eminent diſſenting miniſter died at an advanced age, and one of the Jolly Doctor's pupils was elected in his room. It was remarkable of this young man, that when he delivered his confeſſion of faith previous to his ordination, he propoſed ſome hints that ſeemed to ſtrike at the root of what is called by the independants, *the work of the Spirit*. He ſaid that the ſacred ſcriptures were ſufficient to bring men to ſalvation and that nothing further was neceſſary in order to promote our eternal happineſs than to believe and practiſe.

This gave great offence to all thoſe who had been divinely inſpired, or as they ſay converted, for ſo much attached are theſe people to ſpiritual pride, like their maſters the Phariſees, that they cannot bear the thoughts of any thing that has a rational appearance.

Mr Edward Godwin.

pearance. The Scotch hair-merchant, with Mr. Bullhead the laceman, and ſome others who contributed towards ſupporting the academy, went to the Jolly Doctor and expoſtulated with him, but he vindicated himſelf from having inſtilled ſuch ſentiments into his pupil Mr. Tyro. × The young miniſter had been ſome time converſant with the writings of John Glaſs and Robert Sandeman, and it muſt be confeſſed that he had imbibed their ſentiments. At leaſt he had done ſo in part, for I am apt to imagine that he would never run into all the extravagances of thoſe mad people, had he not been heated by oppoſition. His brethren, though diſſenting miniſters, hunted him down as a greyhound does a hare, and his own congregation divided into oppoſite parties, ſome contending for the authenticity of the ſcripture, and

× John Prentice.

others were no leſs zealous for the ſpirit.

Mr. Tyro having thus ſet them both by the ears reſolved to take the advice given by *David Hume* in his *natural hiſtory of religion*, namely, to ſteal away from them. This was undoubtedly a moſt hopeful reſolution, and he reduced it to practice in the following ingenious manner.

He aſſociated himſelf with the Sandemonians, who were not a little elated to think that they were able to make a convert of a diſſenting miniſter; and they inſtructed him in all their myſteries, ſome of which are as intricate as the ſecrets of the free maſons. Every thing being properly ſettled for his reception, among theſe baſtard ſons of Loyola, he pulled off the maſk, and declared in the pulpit that he had been deceiving

ceiving them in conſequence of the advice he had received from the Jolly Doctor.

This occaſioned a ſhocking uproar in the congregation, and a much greater the next Sunday, when he was received among the Sandemonians in Bull and Mouth Street, near where Pen the quaker uſed formerly to diſtribute the effuſions of the ſpirit.

This was a moſt fatal ſtroke to the converted independants, who, like Demetrius of old, began to imagine their craft was in danger. Several meetings were held in order to conſider of the moſt proper methods to be uſed in order to bring back the ſpirit, and make people ſpiritual whether they were good or bad. But as misfortunes ſeldom come ſingle, ſo, to their no ſmall mortification, they

received

received news that Mr. Shark,* and Mr. Chatterbaggs,† both regular independant miniſters, with one Tully,‡ an irregular and a *he-whore*, had all followed the example ſet them by Tyro. But to leave digreſſions, let me once more return to Mr. Crown.

The majority of the people whom Tyro had left, ſtill adhered to the ſpirit, and as Mr. Crown had preached occaſionly to them, they began to imagine that he would be a very proper perſon to be made choice of as their paſtor. Accordingly two meſſengers were diſpatched to make known the joyful news to our adventurer, who told them, like his predeceſſor Balaam, he would firſt go and aſk council of God, for he could not go beyond the word of the Lord.

* Samuel Pike
† John Chater
‡ William Tolley

The

The anſwer he received to his prayer was altogether ſatisfactory, and as he received it as ſoon as aſked for, ſome perſons ſhrewdly imagined that there was a ſecret correſpondence between him and his maker. But whatever truth may be in that, certain it is, that he accepted of the call, and was ſettled miniſter in a diſtrict of London near where a Church ſtands dedicated to the memory of the mother of Conſtantine the great. *

Being thus arrived at the ſummit of his wiſhes, conſiſtent with his character as a diſſenting miniſter, he began to look out for a wife.

Regardleſs of the example ſet him by his friend Dr. Phariſee, who married for the ſake of money, he made choice of a widow with ſix children, all helpleſs and unprovided for.

* St Helens.

for. As another proof of Mr. Crown's ſelf-denial, the woman whom he married had neither charms to inſpire love nor good ſenſe to retain it, and yet for all that, ſo far as I am able to learn, the preacher treates her with decency.

Many perſons have wondered what could induce Mr. Crown to act in ſo imprudent a manner; but there are ſo many inconſiſtences in human nature that we can never make ourſelves perfectly acquainted with them.

At preſent he acts conſiſtent with the conduct of his brethren, for he admits poor members to fill the empty pews, and viſits ſuch as are rich becauſe he is ſurported by them. Ah! my friend, what do you think of modern Religion? May not what the Pſalmiſt ſays be applied to thoſe men

men—*The fool hath ſaid in his heart there is no God?*

I am, &c.

LETTER LXXV.

My dear friend,

I Have often bleſſed my maker for having endowed me with a deſire to inveſtigate human nature, and make myſelf acquainted with the moſt ſecret ſprings of motion in the human heart. To the ſame indulgent being I return my moſt unfeigned thanks for having enabled me to ſhake off all thoſe prejudices that are ſo apt to bias the judgment and induce us to take things on truſt, and not on tryal.

How-

However, you know that it was with much difficulty that I arrived at that ſtate of freedom I now enjoy, but perſeverance under many difficulties and oppoſition brought me to that happy frame which I now enjoy, and which all the world cannot deprive me of.

× The Preſbyterian in Doctors-Commons (*inter aliqs*) may mount the pulpit, and tell us that the Lord Jeſus Chriſt, our divine Redeemer, is no more than a created being, and conſequently ſubject to the Father, by which a perfect ſyſtem of polytheiſm is eſtabliſhed. The ſame perſon may repeat that formularity of doctrine commonly called the apoſtles creed, and at the ſame time place himſelf at the head of thoſe heretical miniſters who, inconſiſtent with common ſenſe and the law of the land, have petitioned

× Edward Pickard.

petitioned the legiſlative authority to be abſolved from ſubſcription.

I ſay all theſe things may happen, nay they may exiſt without interruption, but none of them can affect me: I can look down upon ſome with contempt, and on others with as much indifference as the heretical preſident of Doctors-Commons did upon the begging letter ſent him by poor Philo the Scotch lawyer. Such were the thoughts that occured to me upon being preſent a few days ago at the meeting held by the people called Sandemonians, and I ſhall here draw a parallel between them and the Papiſts.

The Papiſts look upon all thoſe as devils who differ from them in ſentiment, and the Sandemonians give their hearers to the devil who find fault

fault with the moſt ridiculous of all their practices.

The Papiſts, when they admit a Proteſtant to partake of their Idolytry inſiſt that he ſhall declare all Proteſtants to be in the broad way to deſtruction; and the *worthy* Sandemonians, when they admit a member, oblige him to ſwear in the moſt publick manner, that he would have been damned if he had not come to the ſacred meeting in Bull and Mouth Street.

The Papiſts inſiſt that all thoſe whom they pervert from the Proteſtant religion ſhall ſubſcribe the creed ſent forth by the Counſel of Trent, and every young Sandemonian muſt ſubſcribe to the works of John Glaſs. The Papiſts look upon themſelves as all ſenſible enough to conſider their Proteſtant brethren as children of hell; and

and the Sandemonians ſpit in the faces of thoſe whom they excommunicate. The Papiſts are ſo exact in their diſcipline or manual exerciſe, that if they miſs one ſingle *reſponſe* they are looked upon as very bad Catholicks; and if a Sandemonian ſhould be abſent from dinner on Sunday he would be looked upon as a devil incarnate, and a preſent would be made of him to the grand adverſary of mankind.

The Papiſts, in order to prevent the Devil from taking them to purgatory before their time, ſprinkle themſelves with what they call holy water; and the Sandemonians, that they may act conſiſtent with the character of brothers and ſiſters, kiſs each other in the moſt friendly manner.

The

The Papiſts divert themſelves with public proceſſions on holy days, and the Sandemonians on certain days in the week play at blind man's buff.

The Papiſts take the utmoſt care that their people ſhall not read any books written by Proteſtants; and the Sandemonians are ſo jealous of the ſpirit, that if a book ſhould be put into the hands of a new member, and he found reading it, he would be excommunicated.

The Papiſts compaſs ſea and land to make proſelites; and when the Sandemonians have converted any of the Proteſtant Diſſenters, they put an account thereof in the public News-papers.

There are many other inſtances wherein a parallel might be drawn between

between theſe pretenders to infallibility, but I think the above may be conſidered as ſufficient; for I can aſſure you they differ only in name, the ſame ſpirit actuates both; and if the Papiſts muſt go to purgatory, hell muſt be the reſidence of the Sandemonians.

An inſtance of the domineering ſpirit of theſe crack-brained wretches lately happened in London, and from a plain account of it you will be able to form ſome notion of them.

When Sandeman firſt came to the Metropolis he happened to convert a taylor noted for his attachment to the Hutchinſonian ſcheme of reading the Hebrew, and he being a man of ſome parts, he was appointed preacher to the congregation of the new-made diſciples. But as ill-luck would have it he could not

not help exerciſing a high authority over the people, and at laſt he procured the hatred of the whole. Some of them conſidered themſelves as wiſe as the taylor, and as they became every day more and more jealous of him, it was reſolved that he ſhould be excommunicated for ſpiritual pride.

The propoſal was no ſooner made than aſſented to by the leading men, upon which Mr. Admiral the bookſeller gave him over to the devil. At preſent he ſits like a condemned thief behind the door of the meeting, but none of the people will ſpeak to him.

I am, &c.

LETTER

Boosey

LETTER LXXVIII.

My dear friend,

WHATEVER you may think of the practices uſed by thoſe celebrated ſocieties called free maſons, yet I can aſſure you that the Sandemonians have ſomething in their form of admitting members equally curious. I have lately been preſent at one of thoſe admiſſions, and as I took notes of all that was ſaid, I ſhall here lay it before you, that you may be the more fully enabled to judge of modern Religion.

The principal part of the ſervice for the day being over, Mr. Admiral the bookſeller ſtood up, and told the congregation, that Robert Man, taylor, in Long Alley, near Moor-

fields, was to be examined as a candidate for a place in the meeting, and in consequence of his admission, he was to sit on a throne in heaven.

An universal silence ensued, and Mr. Man having made his appearance, the following Dialogue ensued between him and the preacher.

Preacher. Where was you born, and who were your parents?

Man. I was born in Yorkshire, where my father was hanged for stealing a horse, and my mother transported for receiving the bridle, knowing it to be stolen.

Preacher. Well, I am glad to hear of it, for the kingdom of Christ is open not only for the reception of thieves,

thieves, but alſo for their children. Did you never ſteal a horſe?

Man. No: But I once ſtole a mare.

Preacher. And was not that a great ſin?

Man. It was ſo, though I did not think of it at that time.

Preacher. And how did you eſcape from juſtice? for I have been told that all thoſe who ſteal horſes, or mares in Yorkſhire, make their exit near Knaveſmire.

Man. It is true, a warrant was granted to apprehend me, but the terrifying thoughts of a lodging in York Caſtle induced me to abſcond, and I arrived ſafely in London.

Preacher. Well; and what did you do in London?

Man. For ſome time I went to the Church on Sundays, and having married a wife who was a Methodiſt ſhe took me along with her to the Tabernacle.

Preacher. And what then; was you converted?

Man. I thought ſo, but now I find that I was deceived, for all my pretenſion to ſuperior ſanctity vaniſhed when I came to Bull and Mouth Street. In this place it was that I learned the truth of the Goſpel, and now I am come to deſire admiſſion among them who alone are the children of God.

Preacher. But ſtop a little, Sir, it is no ſuch eaſy matter to be admitted

mitted into the Church: give me leave to ask you a few questions. Are not you one of the greatest villains that ever lived in the world?

Man. Yes, Sir, and had justice been done I should have been hanged at York and damned in hell.

Preacher. But what induced you to leave the tabernacle? I am sure many people imagine that they find consolation there.

Man. My principal reason for leaving the tabernacle was the roguish practices of the people, who in one hour would give a detail of their conversation, and the next arrest their neighbour for a trifling debt.

Preacher. But what do you think of the ſpiritual work carried on at the Tabernacle? Was it not all a deluſion, and only calculated to make you a child of the devil?

Man. I am ſo well convinced that the whole was a deluſion, that I do not value it *three ſkips of a louſe.*

Preacher. And what do you think of the preachers who teach ſuch *hopeful* doctrines?

Man. I conſider them as a ſet of vile impoſtors, who, in order to ſupport themſelves in all ſorts of luxury, fleece the people of that money by which they ought to make a ſubſiſtence for their families.

Preacher. Well: but are you not a ſcoundrel and a blackguard? for unleſs it can appear to the Church that

that you are one of the wickedeſt villains that ever exiſted you cannot be made a Sandemonian.

Man. I do aſſure you, Sir, that I am a ſcoundrel, for a poor man having brought me a pair of breeches to be mended, I took them to the pawn-broker's, where I received half a crown, and gave the money to a *hedge-whore*. And to convince you that I am a blackguard, I have aſſiſted in all the mobs raiſed in defence of Wilkes and Liberty; the Manſion-houſe windows, and Lord North's coach can witneſs my crimes.

Preacher. Well, I am glad you have been ſuch a notorious ſcoundrel; but in what manner do you intend to act when you come into the Church?

Man. My reſolution is to look down with contempt on all the human race; but in a more particular manner on thoſe who pretend to the ſpirit. If any of my brethren happen to incur the diſpleaſure of the congregation, I will do every thing I can to injure them, and if poſſible promote their ruin.

Preacher. You are in my humble opinion one of the people of God, and therefore you are now admitted into the Church upon condition of paying your fees and kiſſing your brethren and ſiſters.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER LXXIX.

My dear friend,

BOTH moraliſts and divines have aſſerted that every man has ſome predominant paſſion, and that it never ceaſes to operate notwithſtanding the ſtrongeſt oppoſition that may be made to it. Thus the Jolly Doctor loves chickens; the Hymn-maker would not know how to live were there not chandler ſhops and cheeſemongers to buy his works; John Braſs-kettle has ſuch a deſire to obtain money that common experience ſhews it to be his predominant paſſion, and the dancing bear could never diveſt himſelf of the love of *men*.

But there is another vice not yet applied to any of the Diſſenting Mi-

niſters in London: I mean drunkneſs; for however fond in general they may be of a glaſs, yet they take care to have it in private. However, there are exceptions to be made to every general rule, and therefore I ſhall now introduce to you one who, not content with drinking in private like the reſt of his brethren, actually as an honeſt man pulled off the maſk, and got drunk in publick, like my friend Philo, to the great ſcandal of the goſpel.

Sir John Barleycorn[x] was the ſon of a *worthy* gentleman of the ſame name who precided at the head of a charity ſchool ſupported by the Diſſenters. As he had but two children, namely, a ſon and a daughter, he married the latter to a poor ſchoolmaſter, but the former was ſent to the academy in order to be brought up a labourer in the vineyard.

In

[x] John Richardson.

In order to qualify him for ſuch a laudable undertaking he was firſt converted, and then inſtructed, *ſecundum Artem*, by the ſame doctor × who taught that children when condemned to hell will feel no pain. When he had preached ſome years in the country with very little approbation from his hearers, he was made choice of to be paſtor of a congregation in London, and for ſome years he did as well as could have been expected from one of his character and diſpoſition.

Hitherto his predominant paſſion had laid concealed under the maſk of ſanctity, but at laſt it broke out, and Sir John, like a ſailor who returns from a long voyage to India, reſolved to make amends for the loſs of thoſe pleaſures which neceſſity had obliged him to taſte in a private manner. He went to ſome different

× Dr Ridgley.

alehouſes in the moſt obſcure parts of the town, where he imagined no perſons would know him, and for ſome time he enjoyed his tankard without interruption.

Emboldened by his good fortune, he reſolved not to confine himſelf to ſuch dirty places, and therefore he joined in company with ſeveral jolly prophane churchmen who met at a genteel public houſe, and with them he got ten times drunk for every new converſion that he made in the meeting.

You muſt obſerve that no regenerate or converted perſon muſt go into a publick houſe, for if they do they are ſure to be looked upon as prophane. Now if this notion is ſo rigidly inculcated upon the laity, it cannot be ſuppoſed that the clergy can be indulged with ſuch a privilege.

privilege. No; an independant miniſter may go to the tavern or coffee-houſe, and gorge his ſtomach with a bottle of wine, while he is reading a liſt of the converſions that have been made in the country, but let him go into a publick houſe and ſmoak his pipe over a pot of beer, he is ſure to loſe his credit, and ſink into contempt.

Some of the churchmen who kept company with Sir John Barleycorn could not help going to hear him preach, and as he was a very devil in the public houſe, they were ſurpriſed to ſee him ſuch a ſaint in the pulpit, where he entertained the people with an account of the many viſions that God had ſhewn him.

This induced them to mention his name and conduct in every place where they came, and at laſt ſome of

of his own people got notice of it. Hypocriſy, the ruling principle in the hearts of all thoſe who pretend to ſuperior ſanctity, induced the regenerate hearers of Sir John to call him to an account for his conduct, and accordingly ſufficient proof of his guilt appearing to the ſatisfaction of the whole body, he was diſcarded and ſent out to range at large.

Perhaps to one endowed with the fineſt ſentiments of humanity, ſuch as my friend to whom I am now writing, this conduct of the regenerate independants will appear rather cruel, but then it muſt be remembered that he had firſt made them drunk with fancied ſpiritual madneſs.

Deſtitute of the neceſſaries of life, he took a meeting in Gun-Lane, Spitalfields, where he harangued with

with ſo much vehemence that many modern ſaints became his hearers, and through their intereſt he is now one of the evening lecturers in a meeting in the City. He ſtill deals in experience, and whatever is his text, converſion and regeneration are the ſubject. He has acquired ſome money, but he will not part with a ſhilling for the ſervice of the moſt needy of his members, and having profited by former misfortunes he now contents himſelf with getting drunk in private.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER LXXX.

My dear friend,

WHEN we consider the nature of an established Church, under the sanction of human Laws, and nourished by the civil power, we may be assured that all characters will be found among its professed members, or rather every virtue and every vice will be found where no profession has been made.

There is nothing extraordinary in meeting with the most exalted as well as the basest and worst of men in a whole nation; but when we turn our eyes to those who have dissented from the established Church under pretended scruples of conscience, we naturally expect to find

find them reſembling the ſociety of the ſpirits of juſt men made perfect. Certain it is, that if the Churchmen are in the whole of their lives and converſations equally virtuous with the diſſenters, then the latter can plead no excuſe for their Schiſm.

But if being a diſſenter makes a man much better than when he went to his own Pariſh Church, then every perſon ought to go to the meeting, and leave the ſteeples to direct travellers.

Of all the diſſenting miniſters whoſe characters I have yet laid before you, none of the heretical ones ever acquired popularity except the great Mr. John Ruin, who was formed by nature to make a moſt diſtinguiſhing figure on the ſtage of an itinerant Quack-doctor. But I have already told you what

people

people fill up the vacuum in his meeting, ſuch as Bookſellers ſhopmen, who never read a book; pretenders to Religion; who know not the difference between the Law and the Goſpel; Advocates for good works, who never did one good action in the whole courſe of their lives; and Stage-players, who live by the follies of the public.

But London is too large a theatre for one heretical miniſter to diſplay his talents on, for the Metropolis of Great Britain contains more fools than ever Mr. Ruin was able to preach to. This will appear evident to any one who will carefully attend to the character of the reverend Dr. James Dyce,[x] miniſter of a meeting near where the monks of St. Chriſtopher formerly had a well.

The

[x] Dr Fordyce.

The Doctor was born in the *bra muckle* Town of Aberdeen in the year 1721, and brought up at the free Grammar-ſchool, where he acquired as much knowledge of the Greek and Roman claſſics as enabled him to procure a *Burſar*'s place in the Mareſchal College.

Dr. Thomas Homer was at that time Principal of the College, and as our young ſtudent was his kinſman, ſo he took care to conduct him in a proper manner through every branch of philological learning. He then went upon the ſtudy of divinity according to the ſyſtem taught in that Seminary, namely, that of Limborch, for new Aberdeen has been long celebrated for teaching the doctrines of the remonſtrants.

Having paſſed his trials before the Preſbytery he was licenced to preach, and

Blackwell who wrote an enquiry into the life and writings of Homer

and ſoon after ordained miniſter in an antient city where a Biſhop formerly had his reſidence.

James, though naturally of an amorous diſpoſition, yet was too prudent to enter into the ſtate of matrimony till he could ſupport a woman in affluence, or rather till he had procured one to ſupport him.

In his ſermons, although downright hereſy, yet he had ſuch an engaging way of delivering his ſentiments, that, added to a genteel exterior appearance, procured him the eſteem of the females, many of whom would have thought it an honour to give him their hands. Conceſſions were made to him by ſome of thoſe parents who imagined the virtues of their daughters to be in danger; but as James knew that ſeduction might be attended with fatal conſe-

conſequences, he reſolved to enjoy ſuch objects as could not by any rational proof make a diſcovery.

Among thoſe who attended the miniſtry of our hero was an old ſuperannuated dyer, who, regardleſs of his conſtitution, although ſtruggling under the decays of nature, yet, like the printer of a daily paper in London, he married a young girl with no other view, one would imagine, than to have the honour of breeding a pair of as large horns as ever the devil wore, when he appeared to Brutus previous to the battle at Philippi.

The amorous preacher grew fond of the dyer's nominal wife, and ſhe, as well acquainted with love as Ovid, met his addreſſes three fourths of the way. The eyes diſcovered the

the ſecret motions of the hearts, and the conſolation of the fleſh became as familiar to the celebrated preacher as the pulpit in the Church of Brichen.

But the too frequent repetition of pleaſure leads to ſomething of an unguarded conduct, and lovers of all others are in general the greateſt fools. This was the caſe with James Dyce who having one evening been more then uſually engaged with the wife of the Dyer, he forgot upon whoſe premiſes he had been exerciſing his faculties, till the maſter of the houſe came in and found the lovers in a ſituation not proper to be mentioned.

The preacher took to his heels over a wall behind the houſe, and although the Dyer purſued him, yet the

the length of his limbs enabled him to make his eſcape.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXXXI.

My dear friend,

THERE is at leaſt ſome pleaſure in following our fellow-creatures from one ſcene of action to another, eſpecially when we can diſcover the ſecret motives that direct them in their conduct through life. Indeed ſome of thoſe motives are never thoroughly diſcovered, and others of them are only diſcovered by their conſequences. In beholding or attending to the conduct of a Churchman who preaches in order to obtain a rich living,

I have

I have often been led to think with Mr. Bradford the martyr, that had I been in his place I would have done the ſame; nay it even gives me a moſt humiliating opinion of my own nature, and puts me in mind of what was inculcated by the greateſt villain that ever aſſumed the maſk of a miniſter of ſtate, namely, that *every man has his price.*

Shocking as ſuch a notion may ſeem to you, yet it obtains, and is even reduced to practice in the religious as well as the political world. The dependant on the miniſter of ſtate deſerts his moſt valuable friends in order to procure preferment, and Dr. James Dyce left the dyer's ſpouſe at Brichen to be buffeted about by her huſband while he might have the enjoyment of a better living.

The

The caſe was this.

Dr. Dyce had written a ſmall puerile inſignificant pamphlet on virtue, in imitation of the tablature of Cebes, ſo much eſteemed in the Grecian ſchools, and in conſequence thereof, the patron of a living near Stirling, an old debauchee, who loved virtue becauſe he could not practice it, preſented him to the pariſh living then in his gift.

This was one of the beſt births that James could have obtained in Scotland, and he might have lived very happily on it till the lateſt period of his exiſtence; but as ill luck would have it, he had a moſt romantic turn, and nothing would ſerve him but he moſt come to London.

It is well known that many of the Preſbyterian meetings in London have a long time denied all the fundamental doctrines of the goſpel, and treated the ſacred ſcriptures in the ſame manner as the Papiſts do, namely, to make them ſubſervient towards proving the truth of thoſe blaſphemous hereſies which they every Sunday deliver from their pulpits. They are averſe to creeds, and yet they read the creed commonly called the Apoſtles, although it was not known in the chriſtian church till after the fifth century.

One of theſe congregations of hereticks near Doctors Commons made choice of our adventurer to be their preacher, but no ſooner had they learned that he had ſubſcribed the Weſtminſter confeſſion of faith than they refuſed to have any thing more to do with him.

It was the misfortune of this gentleman that he had not been brought up under the Jolly Doctor, who always tells his ſtudents to preach according to the inclination of the people, whether it is conſiſtent with the word of God or not. Like all fooliſh Scotchmen, he was wiſe in his own conceit, yea too wiſe to attend to inſtruction.

Dr. Dyce was not a little mortified at this unexpected diſappointment; but happening at that time to have a brother in London who by his matchleſs impudence had commenced Banker upon other perſons property, who were fooliſh enough to truſt him, he was through his influence made choice of to be miniſter of a meeting near where the Monks of St. Chriſtopher in London formerly uſed to ſell their holy water.

Accordingly, having preached a ſermon on the ſin of debauchery before the general aſſembly of the church of Scotland, he left the place of his nativity, and began to exhibit in London, not doubting but every fool in the Metropolis who had itching ears would come to hear his precious doctrine.

It was ſome time before I could be prevailed upon to go and hear this mountebank preacher, till Philo the lawyer perſuaded me one day to go along with him: indeed I had no great opinion of Philo's judgment as to a right underſtanding of the ſcriptures; and as he had been treated in the moſt horrid cruel manner by ſome of the inſpired independant divines, ſo I could not think that he was able to diveſt himſelf of mean trifling prejudices.

However,

However, as poor Philo had been ſo long the ſport of fortune, I went along with him; but how great was my ſurpriſe when I heard a diſcourſe on humility, and ſaw a diamond ring ſhining from the pulpit.

The preacher concluded that we are all under an indiſpenſible obligation to be merciful and compaſſionate to each other, and Philo, like an arch-wag, met him at the door of the veſtry, and begged as much money from him as would purchaſe a ſupper for his poor ſtarving children. The preacher, however, was deaf to his entreaties, and for that night I was obliged to take the half-ſtarved lawyer under my protection, while the doctor went to dine on a Turtle along with Mr.

Caſſils, the wholeſale linnen draper in Cornhill.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXXXII.

My dear friend,

SOLOMON ſomewhere ſays, that *pride goeth before deſtruction, and a haughty ſpirit before a fall.* I have ſome reaſon to imagine ſolomon was no fool when he uttered theſe words, for common experience ſhews them in ſome meaſure to be true.

The brother of our celebrated preacher was one of thoſe imps of hell who ruin thouſands of families in conſequence of buying and ſelling ſtock upon ſpeculation. In other words

words he was one of the moſt profeſſed gamblers that ever diſgraced the City of London.

His ambition was ſuch that he actually ſpent fifteen thouſand pounds to obtain a ſeat in the Houſe of Commons, and failing in that he declared that he would ſpend ten times the ſame ſum at the next general election. His deſign was to have ſtood up in defence of the miniſtry and in conſequence thereof procure to himſelf an Iriſh peerage, the *dernier* reward of every villain. But ſtill he was unſucceſsful, and therefore, like a real artiſt, he reſolved to turn his thoughts to ſuch objects as would naturally lead him to promotion.

To bring about ſo deſirable an end, he looked on no ſcheme ſo proper as that of marrying a noble

wife, but unfortunately it happens that the Engliſh Lords do not chuſe that their daughters ſhould be married to thoſe adventurers who have nothing to recommend them but their ſharping tricks in exchange alley.

Names, however, and titles are the ſame, and the daughter of an Earl is a lady, whether her father enjoys ten thouſand pounds a year, or ten pence.

Scotland, that field of emigrants by which, according to Hector Boethius, many nations have been peopled, abounds with a vaſt number of poor nobility. Some of theſe have not wherewithal to purchaſe a dinner, and yet they are entituled to all the privileges of the greateſt peers in England.

The

The banker, brother of our adventurer, availed himself of so favourable a circumstance, and in consequence of that resolution made his addresses to a young lady the daughter of a nobleman, who had not one acre of land, and whose great grandfather, according to his own account in a book now in print, gravely tells us that he was near getting his brains knocked out when the mob at Edinburgh run in a tumultuous manner and demolished great part of the Abbey of Holyrood-house.

Accordingly a marriage took place, for what vain empty girl will not marry a man who has got money, although it may happen that he has sprung from the lowest dregs of the people? routs, plays, balls and assemblies, with a thousand other vanities, are considered as of much more importance by poor deluded women

than either ſolid glory, true greatneſs or real virtue.

The money expended by the Banker upon his nominal ſpouſe in a manner ſurpriſed the whole nation, for the moſt coſtly diamonds were not thought too great to decorate her perſon.

The preacher was ſo much elevated with pride that he forgot the words of the apoſtle Peter, upon which he preached in 1762, and actually looked upon himſelf and brother to be the greateſt men in the Kingdom. But alas! a change took place which is not uncommon when we conſider the ſtate of gaming in general, where every villain ſets up for a robber, and endeavours to raiſe his reputation on the ruins of his neighbours.

The

The king of France having changed his miniſtry contrary to the expectations of all the courts of Europe, ſome notions were formed by our Banker on the conſequence that would attend ſo important an event. This was the curſe that decided his fate, for the wheel of fortune beginning to turn to an oppoſite point, our Banker, who had ruined thouſands of his fellow creatures, was reduced to a bankrupt, nor has his certificate ever yet been ſigned, no not ſo much as by one of his creditors.

The preacher, who did not know that his brother's circumſtances had been ſo much embarraſſed, was confounded when he read his name at large in the Gazette. For ſome days he did not appear in public, and it was with the utmoſt difficulty

that he could be prevailed upon to mount the pulpit.

One would have thought that ſuch a reverſe of fortune would have operated in ſo powerful a manner on the mind of our preacher, that he would never for the future have ſhut his bowels of compaſſion againſt thoſe who were in want. But yet the reverſe took place.

Having in the moſt colluſive manner aſſiſted his brother to ſecrete ſome of his effects from his creditors, he became more avaricious than ever, and even in the moſt cruel manner denied a morſel of bread to a poor wretch who was in a manner ſtarving.

At preſent he ſtill goes on preaching with the ſame airs as a merry andrew does on a quack doctor's ſtage,

ſtage, and ſo infatuated are the people who frequent his meeting that they eſteem his nonſenſe equal to the goſpel. Players ſometimes come to take off his airs and antic geſtures, and the preacher bids fair to create an eſtate, upon which he will be better enabled to levy a fine and ſue out a recovery than his brother the banker.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXXXIII.

My dear friend,

THERE is a proverb which I have often heard mentioned, and which I believe will hold true when applied to the affairs of common life; namely, *give a man an inch*

inch and he will take an ell. This ſeems exemplified in different parts of the Church hiſtory that has come under my obſervation, for no ſooner are the profeſſors of falſe religion exempted from ſome perſecutions which they have been ſubjected to, than they begin to deſire more liberty than is conſiſtent with the ſafety of the ſtate to grant.

Such perſons are extremely glad of receiving every indulgence from the legiſlative power, and yet for all that, when the whole of their requeſts are not complied with, they are ready to find fault with thoſe perſons at the helm of affairs who from motives of benevolence have become their moſt generous benefactors.

Not content with that liberty which is conſiſtent with the natural

rights

rights of mankind, they even attempt to ſet themſelves above all human laws, and trample upon every civil inſtitution as not proper to regulate their conduct. They call in queſtion the extenſion of that power from which they enjoy freedom, and even attempt to become legiſlators themſelves.

A learned judge, who has acquired more honour in conſequence of his immortal writings on the Laws of England than all the diſſenting miniſters that ever lived, lays it down as a maxim, that as the legiſlative power aboliſhed popery and eſtabliſhed the Proteſtant Religion, ſo the ſame power may again eſtabliſh popery.

One would have thought that the greateſt blockhead in England could have comprehended ſo plain a propoſition;

position; nay, it was even by some persons supposed not above the capacity of the Jolly Doctor's students.

Does not the legislative power, my friend, pass a statute one year which they reverse the next without shewing any other reason than what is in a formal manner contained in the preamble? Indeed Noy says, *summa ratio est, quæ pro religione facit, i. e.* "Religion is "one of the chief objects in the "law," but for all that my progenitors may make choice of one system of Religion, and their children may abolish it in order to introduce another. It cannot be otherwise; for if the present parliament has no right to establish popery, consequently the first Parliament of Queen Elizabeth did wrong when they abolished it. The Parliament alone, with the concurrence of

of the king, can eſtabliſh whatever Religion ſeems moſt proper to their own inclinations.

——And this is law I will maintain,
Before either judge or jury.
[*See an old ſong.*

When the learned judge whom I have already mentioned, and who on many occaſions ſince my being here ſhewed me many acts of benevolence, firſt publiſhed his commentaries on the laws of England, ſome of the Diſſenting Miniſters, who thought themſelves as wiſe as him, wrote pamphlets againſt him, among whom Dr. Joſeph Electricity was the firſt, but his performance was even below contempt. X

The next who entered the liſts was the reverend and *learned* Dr. Philip Fire-brand, a Diſſenting Miniſter at Clapham in Surry, who, in † a long,

X Dr Prieſtley

† Dr Furneaux

a long detail of the moſt unintelligible jargon, endeavoured to prove, that the legiſlative power could not alter the preſent form of Religion.

Liars ought always to have the beſt of memories, but it happened that this preacher had one of the worſt. He forgot that he was, in concert with his creed-reading brother in Doctors Commons, endeavouring to ſet aſide the whole force of the toleration act and give the Diſſenters leave to go to the land of forgetfulneſs in their own way. The vain and indeed ſelf conceited Dr. Fire-brand began to conſider himſelf as a man of the utmoſt importance, but as ill-luck would have it, the people only laughed at him, while the judge ſet down in his ſtudy and lighted his pipe with his pamphlet.

Dr.

Dr. Firebrand, endowed with a greatneſs of ſoul equal to that of Alcibiades, or Simon de Mountfort, was not in the leaſt intimidated at what the public ſaid concerning his more than ridiculous pamphlet. He went up to the pulpit and told his hearers, that from Glanvilo down to Lord Coke, no perſon underſtood the Law of England ſo well as himſelf. He even went ſo far as to pray, that God would deſtroy all the lawyers in England, for this plain reaſon, that he could not poſſibly comprehend the terms they make uſe of when they make their appearance at the Bar. You know the ſtory, or rather the fable of the Fox and the Grapes, and therefore I ſhall not repeat it.

Dr. Firebrand, as I am informed by my friend Philo, is extremely rich, in conſequence of having preached

preached many years in defence of the Doctrines of Socinus, but for all that he will not give one penny to ſave his moſt needy brethren from ruin. Nay, Philo told me that he begged half a guinea of him, but his anſwer was, he did not know him. You know this is the practice of our Miniſters of State, but how it ſhould deſcend to Diſſenting Miniſters I muſt leave you to judge; like moſt people in common life, they endeavour to imitate their betters, and the conſequence is they ſtand upon record as a ſet of the moſt abandoned miſcreants that ever the almighty God ſuffered to live in the world.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXIV.

My dear friend,

I Have often had reaſon to treat with contempt every ſelf-ſufficient hypocrite, let his character be ever ſo dignified, and his followers ever ſo numerous. Indeed I never meet with a pretender to ſuperior excellency in Religion but I ſuſpect that he is a ſtranger to his own heart, and a deceiver of his fellow-creatures.

An impudent countenance for the moſt part enables villains to brow-beat the truth, and nothing but a face of braſs could ever ſupport ſome of our modern Enthuſiaſts under the maſk of hyppocriſy, which many of them have aſſumed with ſucceſs.

It

It is an eaſy matter to impoſe on the generality of the people, for few of them are at much trouble in making a proper enquiry into the truth of any propoſitions whatever. The bold pretenſions of the preacher gives a ſanction to all his ridiculous nonſenſe, and while he can deal damnation round about him in words he is ſure of procuring a vaſt number of followers, and ſecuring to himſelf the name of a ſaint, although he may be no better than an incarnate devil, of which the following narrative will convince you.

Mr. William Calaſſio[x] was born in the weſt riding of Yorkſhire, and brought up in a free Grammar-ſchool, where he made a very good progreſs in claſſical learning.

From thence he was ſent to the Univerſity of Oxford, where he took

[x] William Romaine.

took the degree of Maſter of Arts, and then entered into holy orders. It was propoſed to procure him a rich living, but his friends had not intereſt ſufficient for that purpoſe. Thus diſappointed, he reſolved to try his fortune in the literary world, and therefore publiſhed a voluminous Hebrew concordance, written by a Jeſuit at Rome; and firſt publiſhed 1620. But there were ſo few people in Britain who cultivated the knowledge of the Eaſtern languages that Mr. Calaſſio did not find the concordance anſwer his expectations, and therefore he was obliged to ſtart ſome new game.

He had for ſome time beheld the flouriſhing ſtate of the Methodiſts, and he had attended to the means made uſe of by their preachers to procure money. He ſaw that the vineyard was not wholly engroſſed, and

and therefore he reſolved to lend a helping hand, or in other words, to bring madneſs and methodiſm into the Churches; to make the ſteeple-houſes as eminent for the ſpirit as either the Tabernacle on the Foundery.

Leaving Oxford, our heroic adventurer came to London, where he was elected Profeſſor of Aſtronomy in Greſham College, but as ill luck would have it, Mr. Calaſſio had imbibed the notions of Hutchinſon, and in one of his lectures having advanced that there was a *plenum* in nature, he was hurried down ſtairs to convince him that nature admits of a *vacuum*.

This was a fatal ſtroke; but thoſe who keep up a conſtant correſpondance with heaven are never at a loſs even under the moſt trying difficulties.

culties. The glare of Methodiſm, induced the truſtees of a certain charity to make choice of him to be lecturer of a Church, and although the ſalary was only a trifle, yet the preacher, by his artful management of his votaries, made it worth full two hundred pounds a year.

He lived in the moſt elegant manner with his wife, who made him a father of two ſons, one of whom has turned out a hell-rake, nor is the other much better.

The crouds of methodiſts, with the whole ſpawn of falſe religion, made ſuch havock in the church where our adventurer preached, and the pick-pockets exerciſed their manual practices with ſuch ſucceſs, that the pariſhioners could not with ſafety get near their pews.

To remove from a place of worship such horrid nuisances, an action was commenced in the Court of King's-Bench against Mr. Calaffio, for preaching at times inconsistent with the will of the donor, who had left the fund to support the lecture-ship. Council were employed on both sides to argue the matter before the judges; but altho' the methodists retained Sir Bull-face Double-fee to plead, yet a rule was made absolute in favour of the will, and our adventurer was obliged to content himself with preaching after the service of the day was over.

Some presents made him at this time by a generous lady, to be distributed among the poor, he appropriated to his own use, and in consequence thereof had great success in Exchange-Alley. Money flowed upon him almost as fast as he could

put

put it in his pocket, and the more he got, the more cruel, avaricious, and hard-hearted he became. He took care to pretend poverty to all his people, and they not doubting, or rather not enquiring whether what he said was true or false, continued to give him money in the same liberal manner in which he distributed the spirit by wholesale. This was acting consistent with a real tradesman in the gospel, and while the vulgar looked upon Mr. Calassio as poor, persons of good sense knew him to be rich.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXXXV.

My dear friend,

HOWEVER comfortable the *worthy* Mr. Calaffio's ſituation might ſeem, yet he was not content, for he ſtill looked upon it as precarious. He knew that none but a Methodiſt would preſent him to a living, and few of that claſs are to be found among the nobility and gentry. A popular election was the only probable proſpect he had in view, and fortunately for him, a clergyman died who was one of the greateſt ornaments to his profeſſion that had ever lived ſince the apoſtolick age, and of whom ſuffer me to ſpeak a few words by way of digreſſion.

Theodorus

Theodorus was the son of a country gentleman, and nearly related to a late Lord Chancellor, who presented him to the living in question, it being one of those which is alternately in the gift of the crown and the parishioners.

In that station his piety shone in such a conspicuous manner, that the people found him even more than a father.

In the pulpit he taught them the truths of the gospel, enforced by his own example, and his purse was open to supply all their wants of a temporal nature. The sick and languishing were as frequently visited by him, as the jolly Doctor eats chickens, or the Hymn-maker writes for the chandlers shops.

× Phocion Henley

The poor afflicted perſons, of whom there were many in his pariſh, he relieved in the moſt bountiful manner, and at laſt going to ſee a man lying on his death-bed, he caught the ſame diſorder, which put an end to his life. This was a loſs which will not be made up to the pariſh in the compaſs of one century at leaſt; but Mr. Calaſſio reſolved to avail himſelf of ſo favourable a circumſtance.

He propoſed himſelf a candidate for the living along with ſeveral others, and not being ſatisfied with the mode of election, he filed a bill in chancery, praying for redreſs.

The cauſe came on to be argued before the late Lord Chancellor Northington, who ordered our adventurer to be inducted to the living, becauſe of the conduct of the people,

ple in making an undue and improper election.

Mr. Calaſſio took poſſeſſion of his new living, with as much avidity as the King of *Pruſſia* did of *Sileſia*; but alas! the poor found, that with the choice of the *goſpel* they had loſt its truths. Sermons indeed were preached to them, but ſermons to a hungry belly are rather inſipid. The avarice of the preacher increaſed in proportion to his elevation, and being no ſtranger to the value of money, he wanted to make himſelf as rich as poſſible, altho' all his pariſhioners ſhould ſtarve.

The ſame beggarly diſpoſition that predominated in his mind when he was only a lecturer, ſeemed to give life to all his actions after he had procured a living. It was natural for ſome of his hearers to aſk a

favour from him, but all the answer they got was that they must live by faith, and not put any confidence in temporal things.

One of his hearers, more knowing than the rest, one day put him in mind that he had five thousand pounds in the Bank, and begged that he would send him fifty of it; but all the answer he received was, that to comply with his request would be a scandal to the Gospel, for those who cannot live by faith ought to starve.

You will naturally enquire, who are the people who attend the ministry of this arch-impostor? I answer, they are the most illiterate wretches that ever assumed the name of Christians. It is needless to disgrace any party with them; it would be an act of injustice, for they

are the raſcally off-ſcourings of all.

I have known ſome of them who went there with no other view than to be eſteemed religious, and others who regularly attended to procure wives or huſbands; who could talk of what they did not underſtand, and pretended to feel what they were ignorant of.

I was once acquainted with a young fellow, a taylor, whoſe relations ſet him up in a creditable manner, and his intellects being weak even to a proverb, he became a noted follower of Mr. Calaſſio. As for religion, had the text been from the Alcoran or the Talmud, it would have been all the ſame to him, he knew no difference between Moſes and Chriſt. To him David and Paul were both Apoſtles.

During his attendance on the *heavenly* ſermons of the preacher he became acquainted with a girl who had as much knowledge as himſelf, and was converted much about the ſame time as himſelf. A marriage enſued, and worthy Mr. Stitch ſpent one part of the day in hearing methodiſt preachers and the other in attending on plays. The ſpirit and diſſipation went hand in hand together, and a diſcourſe on the ſpirit was ſucceeded by another on the merits of Mr. Woodward and Mr. Garrick. At laſt the poor ignorant Taylor took to drinking, while his wife took care not to loſe any opportunity of attending the places of public diverſion, till a commiſſion of bankruptcy ſent the one to the Fleet and the other home to her relations.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXVI.

My dear friend,

—Believe them if you can,
They're men of nicest honour to a man.
They scorn so mean a thing as interest they,
And only honours generous rules obey.
But if you hold the lanthorn to their eyes,
Their fame, their virtue, and their honour dies.
In every place you'll find ambition reigns,
With fraud, corruption, and the lust of gains.

THE facts I am now going to relate to you have no farther connection with the Dissenters than to point out, that although they are no better than other people, yet in a recent instance they have convinced the world that they can assert their natural rights, as free-born subjects, when they find im-

poſtors pretend to ſtand up for ſuch privileges as they have no connection with.

But as ſome of the perſons are concerned in the diſputes of the preſent day, it may be neceſſary to lay their characters before you.

Indeed, a ſingle incident, that ought a long time to have been forgotten, brought the Diſſenters upon the ſtage, although they had no connection with it.

The name of Liberty has been proſtituted in this age more than any thing I know of, but while the name itſelf was treated with reſpect the ſubſtance was forgotten. There are many people who enjoy Liberty and yet wiſh for more; but, as ill luck will have it, the legiſlative

power often thinks proper to bring them under particular reſtrictions.

In the beginning of the year 1763, one Jack Squintum,[x] a member of the Houſe of Commons, and brought up a Diſſenter, incurred the diſpleaſure of the miniſtry, for which he was committed to the Tower, and ſoon after declared an out-law.

This obliged him to abſcond for ſome years, but at laſt finding there was a proſpect of regaining his Liberty he came over from France, and propoſed himſelf a Candidate for a ſeat in the Houſe of Commons. Accordingly he was elected, but a concurrence of circumſtances deprived him of regaining a place in the Britiſh Senate.

The

[x] John Wilkes.

The Attorney General profecuted him at the ſuit of the Crown, and he was condemned to two years impriſonment. Not in the leaſt diſcouraged he ſubmitted to his fate with a political reſignation, for he had long before turned his back upon every moral duty, and trampled the moſt ſacred ordinances under his feet.

In concert with a ſet of the vileſt miſcreants, he ventured ſo far in a courſe of impiety as to make a mock conſecration of the ſacrament and then give the bread and wine to the dogs. He had diſcarded his wife, and inſtead of taking care of his daughter's education ſpent moſt of his time with harlots in the purlieus of Covent Garden, or ſuch other parts of the town where proper conveniences could be had.

In

In a word, he had not one ſpark of virtue remaining in him, and as to crimes, he had exhauſted nature to find out new ones.

As if there had been no ſuch thing as an obligation to duty binding upon man, he declared war againſt heaven and even ſet the omnipotent God at defiance. While he was in the priſon of the King's Bench, he was ſupported by ſome perſons of mixed characters, who in the moſt Don Quixote like manner formed themſelves into a Society for that purpoſe.

At firſt they were ſo much attached to the artful unprincipled impoſtor, that if any perſon called in queſtion their conduct he was conſidered as an enemy to Squintum and Liberty.

But

But associations, like the triumvirate that took place in Rome after the death of Julius Cæsar, not being founded on principles of virtue, could not long subsist. Most of those who adhered to the impostor were men of very abandoned characters. They had laid it down as a maxim, that one may discharge the duty binding upon him to his country in a public capacity, although his private life is a perfect transcript of hell. He may injure his neighbour, and prostitute his wife, he may seduce the daughter of his dearest friend, and cheat every one with whom he has any connections, and yet such a miscreant will pretend that he is standing up in defence of the Liberties of his Country.

Among others who adhered to the unprincipled impostor was a vagabond Church of England clergyman,

man,[x] who declared in the moſt zealous manner, that the devil entered into his heart when the biſhop laid his hands on his head. Some perſons, it is true, doubted the truth of this aſſertion, becauſe they imagined that the devil and he had been very intimate ever ſince the time that he uſed to carry out the fowls from his father's ſhop in Newport-market.

The parſon was young, and therefore he thought, that if he could procure for a wife the daughter of the impoſtor, he would be entitled to her fortune, which was very conſiderable.

This was no ways agreeable to Squintum, for he, hackneyed in all the ways of iniquity, could not place any confidence in one who was as great a villain as himſelf.

The

[x] John Horne Tooke

The atheiſtical parſon was inraged to the higheſt degree, and in order to wreak his vengeance upon Squintum, he aſſociated himſelf with ſuch of Jack's members of the Society, as were the greateſt vagabonds, and propoſed that a Schiſm ſhould take place. This was very agreeable becauſe ſome of them were loath to part with any more of their money, and Jack Squintum, now an Alderman, was obliged to put up with the aſſiſtance of the raſcally off-ſcourings of the Society.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER LXXXVII.

My dear friend,

THE character of such a wretch as Jack Squintum can never reflect any dishonour on the Dissenters, for his life has been such that even a sober Heathen would blush to repeat his crimes. Nor is the established church affected by the vagabond parson, the measure of whose crimes are now very near being filled up.

When the toleration act took place, the Protestant Dissenters were indulged with the freedom of worshipping God according to the dictates of their conscience, but at the same time to convince them that they enjoyed that privilege by the indulgence of the civil power, none of them were

to

to enjoy any place either of profit or honour, unleſs they take the ſacrament in one of the pariſh churches.

But for all that, lawyers not always conſiſtent in their opinions concerning diſputed caſes, imagined that the Diſſenters, in conſequence of their offering to ſerve offices in the City of London, were liable to pay the cuſtomary fines. This occaſioned a ſolemn tryal at law, which being brought by writ of error to the Houſe of Lords, the Diſſenters were exculpated, and left to their own choice whether they would ſerve or not.

Some of the moſt eminent perſons among the Diſſenters, who would not have given a farthing to ſave one of their diſtreſſed brethren from a ſponging houſe or a priſon, freely contributed

contributed their money to bring this affair to an iſſue.

The moſt forward of theſe was Mr. Frederick Calf,[x] an eminent dealer in tea, who has aquired a great fortune by gaming. He was a man ſo weak and ſo inſignificant that none would have made choice of him as a companion, or had any buſineſs with him, except upon the footing of intereſt. Ignorant of every thing except the intrigues carried on in Exchange-Alley, and bumbened with a dull ſtupid phlegmatic ſpirit, he went on peaceably in his trade without interruption, and regularly attended divine ſervice every Sunday in his meeting, for he was one of the heretical Diſſenters. But at laſt being driven mad by Squintum and Liberty, he reſolved to turn patriot without knowing the meaning of the term.

Squintum

[x] Alderman Bull.

Squintum knew that Mr. Calf was rich, and therefore he thought it conſiſtent with the reſt of his conduct that he ſhould lay him under contribution. He was convinced in his own mind that the intereſt by buying tea in Exchange-Alley on ſpeculation was little better than a theft, and therefore he thought he might ſteal from him.

To bring about a ſcheme attended in ſpeculation with ſo many beneficial conſequences was not an eaſy matter for a perſon of an ordinary genius, but nothing ſeemed too difficult for a vagabond who had robbed the Foundling Hoſpital, and burnt the notes of hand belonging to one of the ſons of Jacob. He told the poor ignorant tea-dealer, that if he would be adviſed by him he would make him one of the moſt dignified perſons of the preſent age; only

only that he must not pay any regard to religion or such other trifles as the weak and the ignorant are too ready to revere.

He told the Calf that religion was only a name, it had no existence; in truth, that there was no God, and that the scriptures of the old and new Testament were tricks invented in the ages when they were written to keep the people in a proper state of subjection. He insinuated further, that there was no more danger in swallowing an oath than a pill, and that every man might take the sacrament in one of the parish churches with as much safety as to eat a piece of boil'd beef in a cook's shop, or lie with a whore in one of the bagnios near Long-acre.

The

The poor Calf, as ignorant as any of his brethren who ever made their appearance in Smithfield, ſwallowed the bait, and told the impoſtor that he was extremely willing to abide by his directions upon condition that he could procure the conſent of his preacher. But this was only matter of form, for although the miniſter told him that he could not take the ſacramental text. God inconſiſtent with his profeſſion as a Proteſtant Diſſenter, notwithſtanding he was ſoon after, in the moſt colluſive manner, made choice of to be ſheriff of London. The ſacrament was ſwallowed down in the ſame eaſy manner as a diſh of tea, and the Calf, forgeting the way to heaven, ſpent one year in conducting criminals to Tyburn.

Jack

Jack Squintum, for rogues love to act with each other, got him elected one of the Aldermen of the City of London, and although ignorant of the law as a magiſtrate, yet the ſame influence raiſed him to the high office of chief magiſtrate. One would have thought that his ambition was now ſatisfied according to his moſt earneſt wiſhes, but all in vain, as will appear in my next letter, for I am juſt now ſent for to drink a tankard with the Jolly Doctor.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXXXVIII.

My dear friend,

IT was formerly the cuſtom in this country to oblige thoſe to ſerve as members of parliament who were ſuppoſed the moſt proper to diſcharge their duty with integrity, and in conſequence thereof they were paid all their expences by their conſtituents.

It is however different in the preſent age, for what was looked upon as a hardſhip in former times is now conſidered as an honour. Money is ſpent to procure a ſeat in the Houſe of Commons in the preſent age as if it was a place of emolument, and the moſt dignified villain who has procured riches puts in his claim as a Candidate.

This

This corruptive practice was firſt brought into this country about ſixty years ago, and it has diffuſed itſelf in ſuch a manner, that where it will end God only knows.

Pretenders to Liberty in the preſent age who have taken the Liberty to commit every immoral action, are very ſtrenuous in ſupporting bribery and corruption; convinced in their own minds, that they are the moſt abandoned villains that ever exiſted, they can call in the name of public virtue to give a ſanction to their crimes. Nay, even a Tea-dealer in London may become an Advocate for a ſeat in the Houſe of Commons in conſequence of his connection with the arch-impoſtor.

An Alderman of London, who, by wiping the backſide of an old

dirty diſtiller, procured a fortune of near half a million, was, contrary to his own inclinations, called upon to pay the debt of his crimes, and as at that time he was a member of the Houſe of Commons, conſequently a ſeat became vacant in St. Stephen's Chapel.

One would have thought that our modern patriots would have left the people to their free choice, and not meddled in the affair at all; but quite the reverſe took place, for the atheiſtical impoſtor having made his calf ſwallow half a dozen of oaths inconſiſtent with his character as a Proteſtant Diſſenter, he told him that unleſs he would ſwallow one more by getting himſelf elected a Member of Parliament, the other would ſtick in his throat and choak him. Calves very ſeldom have too much wit, nor do they ever look

before

before them till the butcher knocks them on the head, and that is a period rather too late to be attended with any beneficial conſequences. Our City-calf had already ſwallowed oaths more hard to digeſt than all the chickens devoured by the Jolly Doctor, and therefore, in order to clean his throat, he reſolved to try one more. This was juſt what the vile impoſtor Squintum wiſhed for, and in conſequence of his directions our City-calf declared himſelf a Candidate for a ſeat in St. Stephen's Chapel.

At firſt no perſon oppoſed the poor mean-ſpirited calf, for this reaſon, that he was ſupported by the greateſt villain that ever lived in the world, and who was capable of inventing the moſt notorious falſhoods in order to browbeat the moſt ſolemn matters of fact. But

there are ſome ſeaſons when even villains meet with others as much hackneyed in the ways of iniquity as themſelves.

The ſons of Loyola, who have in this age made many converts in London, imagined that if they could get one of their own number elected a member of the Houſe of Commons, they would be able to put an end to liberty of conſcience, and once more light the fires in Smithfield.

In conſequence of that hopeful reſolution they propoſed as a Candidate, in oppoſition to the calf, one Ignatius, who had been many years abroad, and although a real papiſt, for political reaſons concealed his private ſentiments. To give a ſanction to his profeſſion of being a churchman he went to the ſacrament

in ſome different places of worſhip, but more commonly to a Maſs-houſe near Moorfields, where one Dillon, an Iriſhman, conſtantly exhibits. Like moſt of the Papiſts, he was ſo artful, that many well meaning people were induced to vote for him, becauſe he declared in the moſt ſolemn manner that he was a Proteſtant, and had taken the ſacrament in the Church.

The arch-impoſtor, although little better than a devil incarnate, yet had ſenſe enough to expoſe the Jeſuit, and convince the Citizens of London that they were going to ſend to Parliament, as one of their repreſentations, a fellow who, notwithſtanding all his proteſtations to the contrary, was a concealed Papiſt.

This was ſuch an unexpected ſtroke as the Popiſh merchant did not look for; he knew his own father had been ſome years in purgatory, but he did not imagine that one was to come from hell to torment himſelf.

No ſooner had the Diſſenters heard that their apoſtate brother the calf had declared himſelf a Candidate, than they reſolved to oppoſe him; and although the other Candidate was a Papiſt, yet they thought it much better to vote for one who was ſomething, than a vagabond who had trampled upon the moſt ſolemn obligations.

So far in my opinion the Diſſenters were right; for although they have no reaſon to expect any favour from a papiſt, yet ſurely they cannot

not consistent with common sense repose the least confidence in an apostate. He who has taken oaths inconsistent with the professed dictates of his conscience, in order to have the honour to conduct criminals to Tyburn-tree, will in the end become a papist, and superintend the burning of those Protestants who refuse to deny their Lord and Redeemer.

I am, &c.

LETTER LXXXIX.

My dear friend,

IT is a maxim conſiſtent with common ſenſe and daily experience, that every author is alive while his works are read, for while I am able to peruſe the treatiſe on Rhetorick, written by the Hymn-maker of Hoxton, and the ſermon preached by the Jolly Doctor before the Society for the reformation of manners, I ſtill conſider thoſe *celebrated* authors not dead, but ſpeaking. It is true, they are ſtill alive, but I ſhould form the ſame notions, although their bodies had been ſafely depoſited in Bunhill-fields.

We cannot read the *memorabilia* of *Xenophon* without conſidering ourſelves in the ſchool of *Socrates*, nor the

the animated account written by the ſame author of the retreat of the ten thouſand Greeks, without imagining that we are in their numerous dangers, and are preſent with them when they ſhouted, *The Sea! The Sea!*

In the ſame manner where the works of a Diſſenting Miniſter, whom I have heard either with pleaſure or diſguſt, are put into my hands, although he is dead, yet I ſtill conſider him as living, and pay that compliment to his writings which were due to himſelf.

I was led into theſe thoughts in conſequence of conſidering the character of an eminent calviniſtical Anabaptiſt Miniſter, who has lately paid the debt of nature, and who has publiſhed as many books as

would in a good measure load a Country-waggon.

Dr. John Halfpint[x] was brought up as a manufacturer in a lucrative branch of business, but having strong natural parts he made himself master of the most difficult languages before he was twenty years of age, nay much sooner, as will appear from what I am now going to relate.

An heretical Anabaptist Minister having translated Dr. Whitby's treatise on original sin, he gave great offence to the Doctor by mentioning his name in a ludicrous manner. This enraged the Doctor so much that he took up the pen, and in a book written in defence of the most unintelligible Doctrines of Calvin, he attempted to establish his own importance in words to the following

[x] Dr Gill.

following purpoſe, which made him ſtill more ridiculous than ever. "Does my antagoniſt know Latin? "So do I; I read Horace before I was "five years old. Does he know "Greek? So do I; I read Homer "before I was eight years of age. "Does he know Logic? So do I; "I read Wolfius before I was "twelve years of age. Does he "know Hebrew? So do I; I have "read not only the Hebrew Bible, "but alſo the *Miſna*, the *Targum*, "and the *Talmud*. Does he under-"ſtand Divinity? So do I; I have "read *Calvin*, *Gomarus*, *Turretin*, "*Mark*, (*heavens what names!*) "*Maſtricht*, *Witſius*, *Perkins*, *Twiſſe*, "and a thouſand others."

In this oſtentatious manner the Doctor went on eſtabliſhing his own importance at the expence of his reputation; and few of his hearers being

being able to judge of the truth of his aſſertions, like the Papiſts, they embraced the Doctrine of implicit obedience.

This gave the *learned* Doctor freſh ſpirits, and accordingly he formed a notion to make the Scriptures ſubſervient towards ſupporting his favourite notions. He had read many commentaries on the Bible, and as if that ſacred book had not been ſufficiently murdered, and its plain ſimple meaning proſtituted to the baſeſt purpoſes, he reſolved to add one more to the Catalogue. Accordingly he ſat to work, and ſoon after the preſs groaned with a voluminous Commentary on the New Teſtament.

Encouraged by his ſucceſſes in this undertaking, he publiſhed another Commentary on the Prophets from

from Iſaiah to the end of the Old Teſtament inclusive. Dull and unintelligible as theſe works were, yet blockheads were found to purchaſe them; and that nothing might be wanting to complete the Doctor's ſcheme, he reſolved that the former part of the Old Teſtament ſhould have the ſame fate with the latter, all which was accompliſhed, and Dr. Halfpint's Commentary on the Scriptures now amounts to nine huge volumes in folio.

But murdering the Scripture was only a ſmall part of his buſineſs, for he actually wrote a body of calviniſtical Divinity, containing what he called an explanation of Doctrines he never underſtood, and exhortation to duties he never practiſed.

Sermons,

Sermons, pamphlets, and many different treatiſes flew about like ſmoak; and whatever benefit the public received by them, certain it is, that Stationers and Printers were no loſers.

It is good to encourage trade, nay even the Advocates for maſquerades ſhelter their beloved nonſenſe under the ſacred name of finding employment for the poor, while they have nothing in view beyond that of gratifying their paſſions.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XC.

My dear friend,

WE are naturally curious to enquire into the deepeſt motives of the hearts of our neighbours, in order to know in what manner they conceive notions of things; but God for wiſe reaſons has left us ignorant of ſuch knowledge, probably becauſe it could not be of any ſervice to us. We are, however, left at liberty to judge of cauſes from what motives they proceed.

Thus it has been often obſerved, that no man who ever held the doctrines of Calvin in the moſt rigid ſenſe ever was endowed with bowels of compaſſion. The moſt celebrated preachers among the *Supralapſarian Calviniſts* are ſo inhuman, and

ſo

ſo void of mercy, that they think they have done their duty when the ſyſtematical ſermon is ended, and when thouſands of their hearers are ſtarving for a morſel of bread, they will tell them that they muſt live by faith.

On the other hand, juſtice obliges me to declare in this publick manner, that many of thoſe Diſſenters, called hereticks, are men of real humanity; and if they could relieve the afflicted without partiality or prejudice, they would aquire a name greater than any who have gone before them.

While Dr. Half-pint was going on in this manner, a Scotch baker, who had opened a ſtall for religious books, made his addreſſes to his daughter, or rather to her money, for her father had ſaved upwards of thirty thouſand

thouſand pounds. The propoſal was embraced by the doctor, and the baker, from toiling with a baſket on his back, became a great man, and now keeps an elegant country houſe. He has launched out into the book-ſelling buſineſs in the moſt ſucceſsful manner, and altho' he has no heirs to whom he can leave his fortune, yet he is as eager in getting money as ever.

One would have thought that a perſon ſo rich as the doctor would have exerciſed many acts of benevolence to the poor creatures, of which there were many in his congregation; but ſo far from doing ſo, the more money he acquired, the more hardened he became; and it was the opinion of ſome very ſenſible perſons in London, that had he made up one hundred thouſand pounds before he died, he would have left

it

it upon this condition, that no perſon ſhould enjoy it without raiſing it to a million.

Among the doctors hearers was a poor woman far advanced in years, who uſed to open the pews on Sundays, and during the reſt of the week acted as a poor ſcullion in the kitchens of the rich members. Her brother, a rich merchant in the City, refuſed to give her one farthing towards her ſubſiſtence, and the doctor, inſtead of relieving her, told her to go and live by faith.

Faith however would not go to the market, the butchers ſaid it would not purchaſe a bullock, and the baker, *profane villain!* declared it not worth a quartern loaf.

At laſt death laid his cold hand on the merchant, and his ſiſter became poſſeſſed

poſſeſſed of a great fortune at a time of life when ſhe could not enjoy it.

Some of the doctor's hearers had the art to trick her out of a few cool thouſands; and the preacher himſelf, who would not give her a farthing to ſave her from deſtruction, went to her and adviſed her to ſet up a carriage ſuitable to her rank. This ſhe complied with, and took a genteel houſe at Hackney, where ſhe ſoon after died, leaving the doctor ſome money for the uſe of the poor, which he took care to put into his own pocket.

Thus you ſee, my dear friend, in what manner men of the moſt ſanctified characters make religion ſerve towards promoting their own intereſt in the world. How muſt our divine Redeemer look down upon ſuch

ſuch, who, aſſuming his name, act diametrically oppoſite to what he has commanded in the ſtricteſt manner!

The doctor by his will conſigned all his books over to his ſon-in-law the *quondam* baker; and as if the people had not been already ſufficiently poiſoned by them, he has propoſed printing a new edition in eighteen volumes in quarto. In one of his ſermons, he has turned prophet, and foretold that before the end of the world popery will overſpread the moſt enlightened proteſtant nations.

God grant that the doctor may be as falſe a prophet as he is an erroneous commentator; for if we can judge from the preſent appearance of things, popery is vaniſhing away like ſnow before the ſun.

Upon

Upon the whole, Dr. Halfpint was a man of learning, but as hard-hearted as a piece of adamant; and if the Scriptures are true, and there is a God to punish, he must be now receiving the reward of his deeds.

I am, &c.

LETTER XCI.

My dear friend,

WHEN I first read the life of my Divine Redeemer I was convinced that the doctrine that flowed from his lips was Divinity itself, and upon a second perusal, when my thoughts became more inlarged, I saw in every part of his conduct, the evidences in support of Divine revelation rising as much

much ſuperior to human reaſon as God is to man. Not doubting but I ſhould find ſuch as pretended to ſuperior ſanctity imitating ſo bright an example, I peruſed the writings of the moſt eminent Divines among the Proteſtant Diſſenters, eſpecially ſuch as pretended to keep up a conſtant correſpondence with heaven.

I thought that men ſo intimate with God could not be ſtrangers to themſelves, for ſelf-knowledge is the ſource of humility and the life of Religion. By it we become acquainted with the ſecret motions in our own hearts, and from a real convincing proof of our weakneſs we are naturally led to form ſuch notions of the divine being as are conſiſtent with the nature of his perfections, and productive of his glory and our own good.

Mr.

Mr. Richard North, * brother to the rapacious agent mentioned in the former part of my letters, was born in London, and brought up at the Academy, where he acquired as much knowledge as the Jolly Doctor, for with respect to genius they were both equally dull.

In the usual time, that is as soon as he had finished his studies, the spirit entered into him, and he was sent out as a labourer in the vineyard, where the harvest was great. But as he was a dull, heavy, perplexed preacher, so he could not acquire any reasonable share of popularity, so that for some years he was obliged to subsist on his wife's fortune, the daughter of a manufacturer in Kidderminster. The manufacturer, by all the arts of Chancery, had acquired a large sum of money by imposing upon country †

* Richard Winter

† Joseph Williams.

traders, and to convince them that he was little less than an angel sent from heaven, he kept a diary wherein he mentioned how often in the day or in the night God appeared to him.

This Diary, which is now in the possession of Mr. North, was lent me to peruse by one of the Jolly Doctor's Students, and I can assure you that it equals in every respect Butler's Lives of the Saints. But it is needless for me to give you a specimen of it, for you have read so many volumes of such nonsense that you cannot be at a loss to form a proper conjecture.

Mr. North left nothing undone to procure a meeting, but for some years all that he could obtain was the place of assistant preacher to the Jolly Doctor's predecessor. But

here I muſt repeat an incident that will ſet his character in a true light.

An Antinomian diamond-cutter lett Mr. North a houſe next door to his own in Bunhill row, without conſidering the import of the old proverb, *An empty houſe is better than a bad tenant.* It was not long before the landlord had reaſon to repent of what he had ſo inadvertently done, for Mr. North was of ſuch a litigious diſpoſition that he encouraged his ſervants to pick quarrels with thoſe of his landlord.

No man perhaps had ever a greater command of his temper than the diamond-cutter, and yet for all that, his patience was put to a very ſevere tryal. Mr. North taking offence at ſome trifles not worth the mentioning, ordered his ſcullion maid to throw all the aſhes

that fell from the kitchen grate over to his landlord's yard.

War being thus declared, the honeſt diamond-cutter found himſelf under an obligation, rather than live in hell with a ſaint, to ſue out an ejectment. This took place, and Mr. Bullhead the laceman paid the coſts rather than ſuffer the goods of his ſpiritual comforter to be ſeized.

Mr. North, thus driven from the place where he had delivered many funeral orations in praiſe of the ſaints, went to reſide at Iſlington, where he got an occaſional job to preach once on the Sunday to a body of pretended Diſſenters, but the profits ariſing from it were ſo ſmall that he could not ſubſiſt upon them.

At laſt an old fellow died whoſe daughter was married to his brother the

× Thomas Bradbury.

the rapacious agent. For ſome time, as uſual, there was ſilence in the congregation, but after mature conſideration it was thought proper Mr. North ſhould ſucceed one who in the courſe of ſixty years had broken down near a dozen of pulpits.

This was an excellent birth, and our adventurer, in order to appear as a man of importance, took a genteel houſe among the limbs of the law near Chancery-Lane.

He has ever ſince continued to exhibit to a congregation of Proteſtant Diſſenters called Independants, and probably he may do ſo many years longer.

He is a moſt hardened inhuman wretch, and rather than give a bit of broken meat to a poor beggar,

he will ſee it delivered ſafely to the dogs. None but the rich members of his congregation are permitted to viſit him, and as to the poor he ſays they ought to live by faith. His preaching has the ſame effect on the lives of his hearers, for moſt of them are ſuch wretches that they would diſgrace any ſociety whatever. Indeed they make a ſolemn mockery of religion, and tread under foot the moſt ſacred inſtitutions, without conſidering that God will have mercy and not ſacrifice.

I am, &c.

LETTER

LETTER XCII.

My dear friend,

FLATTERY is a vice inconsistent with moral honesty, and is reprobated by the words of divine revelation. The real christian, who considers himself as in the immediate presence of God, cannot flatter his neighbours. He knows that he is under an indispensible obligation not to conceal the truth; although he will, consistent with piety and humanity, admonish an offender in the most compassionate manner, yet he will not keep back any part of the truth, lest he should be guilty of a sin of omission.

It is too true that the pulpit has been often made the vehicle of flattery, even among Protestants; wit-

neſs ſome of the ſermons preached in defence of paſſive obedience and non-reſiſtance during the reign of Charles the ſecond. In that reign the vices of the prince were repreſented as virtues, ad nothing was more common than to hear a preacher ſpend an hour in the pulpit encouraging the ſovereign to go on with his intended plan of inſlaving the people, inſtead of attending to the truths of the goſpel.

The Diſſenters, at their firſt ſetting out on the theatre of public life, pretended to be great enemies to flattery, and for ſome years they affected great humility both in their public diſcourſes and in private exhortations. But every thing wears off by long uſage, and inſtances are to be met with of people extolling the dead who pretend that ſuch praiſe is not due to the living.

You

You know, that among the Romans, the new-elected emperor always made a funeral oration in honour of his predeceſſor, unleſs he had died in a violent manner, which in thoſe times was not very uncommon.

Virtues were then aſcribed to the deceaſed that never took place in his heart, nor diſtinguiſhed any part of his conduct; the people were entertained with lies for no other reaſon but that the new emperor might procure ſuch an abſolute authority as would enable him to act above law.

This practice of the Heathens was imitated by the Romiſh prieſts in France during the reign of Lewis the fourteenth. Thus we meet with ſome of their harangues in praiſe of thoſe infamous wretches who perſecu-

ted the Proteſtants, and who in the whole of their conduct were a diſgrace to human nature. Whether this practice has been imitated by any Proteſtant churches on the continent, I cannot ſay, but the churches of England and Scotland have not yet given way to it. Some funeral ſermons indeed have been preached, but then they were generally juſt memorials of the virtuous actions of ſome perſons that ought to be had in everlaſting remembrance.

The Diſſenters, however, have improved both on the Pagan and Popiſh plans. When one of their moſt eminent miniſters or rich members dies, one of the moſt popular preachers accompanies the funeral to Bunhill-fields, when he makes a long ſpeech in praiſe of the deceaſed, and then concludes with a prayer that

that all the people who are preſent may imitate his example.

I have been preſent at ſome of theſe funeral orations, and have heard a miſer praiſed for his liberality, a drunkard for his ſobriety, an uſurer for his diſintereſtedneſs, an old, ſuperannuated, hard-hearted matron for her benevolence; and the wretch who has ruined thouſands for his humanity.

I have heard a preacher, who during a courſe of thirty years had deceived his people, repreſented as a pattern of integrity, and a rich maſter taylor, who had acquired ſome thouſands by cheating his cuſtomers and oppoſing his journeymen, repreſented as one who had done every thing to promote the intereſt of the poor and the friendleſs, who lived only

for the good of his fellow creatures in general.

Solomon ſays, that where the tree falleth there it will abide, and in my opinion, no time can be more idly ſpent than to tell a falſhood to the great God of heaven and earth. Theſe funeral orations, however, procure ſome money to the preacher, for beſides a new hat, every one has a preſent made him of as much money as the relations or friends of the deceaſed think proper to give.

Indeed, if a vice can be conſidered as a duty conſiſtent with the notions of ſome deiſtical writers, then the diſſenting miniſters who practice this art may in ſome meaſure be juſtified, for as they procured their ſubſiſtence by their money, while the perſon was alive, ſo, conſiſtent with modeſty and honour, they cannot do leſs

than

than ſend him to eternity with a paſſport or certificate. Juſtice, however, obliges me to take notice that the Jolly Doctor is an enemy to theſe practices, but by a clauſe in his will, it is ordered that five guineas ſhall be given to an eminent poulterer to pronounce his funeral oration.

This is undoubtedly an evidence of his diſintereſted gratitude, becauſe the poulterers have often ſupplied him with ſuppers, and unleſs the poulterer made choice of for this important purpoſe diſcharges his duty in a proper manner, then let his borrowed feathers be plucked off and his carcaſe ſent to the Doctor's wife.

I am, &c.

LET-

LETTER XCIII.

My dear friend,

IN recollecting ſome part of the converſation that we have had together you will remember that we agreed upon the following propoſition, namely, that a man may write an elegant book without one juſt ſentiment. Biſhop Atterbury's ſermons were produced as a proof, and certain it is, that ſome others might be added.

But in whatever I write to you I ſhall take care to mix ſentiment with words, for I would not have it aſſerted that I have ſpent my time to no purpoſe ſince I came to reſide in this metropolis.

The

The end and deſign of writing is to make people either wiſer or better, for if neither of theſe are attended to, the time is ſpent in idleneſs, and

If idly loſt, no art, no care,
The bleſſing can reſtore,
And heaven exacts a ſtrick account,
Of every miſ-ſpent hour.

I have given you a detail of the practices of the Diſſenters, and at the ſame time introduced ſome popular characters that make a diſtinguiſhing figure among the vulgar in the preſent age. I have told you nothing but the truth, nor has any thing been exaggerated.

I ſhall now take my leave by putting a ſuppoſed caſe, for Philo the lawyer tells me that any man may

may put ſuppoſed caſes in order to ſupport his argument.

I would ſuppoſe the ghoſt of honeſt Richard Baxter ariſing from the grave, or rather returning from the manſions of bliſs, to take a view of the preſent practiſes of the Diſſenters of every denomination; I would ſuppoſe that great divine and moſt pious Chriſtian, poor, weak, and diſtreſſed, in conſequence of his long impriſonment; and I would ſuppoſe him ſtarting up amidſt the directors of the Academy while they are feaſting on a turtle.

And pray what would Richard ſay? it is not to be ſuppoſed, that the man who denied himſelf the neceſſaries of life in order to do good to his fellow-creatures would ſit down to feaſt in ſuch a voluptuous

tuous manner, while ſome of the poor Diſſenters are ſtarving in workhouſes or in priſon. No; he would ſpeak in words to the following import.

"My dear friends, (for your profeſſion obliges me to call you by that name, although your practice is contrary to it.)

"It pleaſed the almighty, by my miniſtry, aſſiſted by ſome others now in glory, to promote the intereſts of true Religion, and our actions were only a comment on our public miniſtrations. Feaſts were unknown to us; for although our hearers contributed towards our ſupport in the moſt generous manner, yet we lived as frugal as poſſible, and whatever we could ſave above ſupply-

"ing,

"ing us with the common neceſſa-
"ries of life was freely diſtributed
"among the poor.

"Our doors were never ſhut
"againſt the poor and the needy;
"we were under ſuch obligations to
"our people as are conſiſtent with
"human nature, but we took care
"to make a return in ſuch a man-
"ner, that we could carry an evi-
"dence of it to the tribunal of God.
"We were convinced in our minds
"that the ſouls of the richeſt and
"the pooreſt are of equal value,
"and therefore the roaſted chickens
"of a laceman were of no more
"eſtimation with us than the bread
"and water in the unfrequented
"garret of the widow and fatherleſs.
"We knew that our divine, our
"ever bleſſed redeemer would call
"us to an account for our conduct,

"and

" and the fear of God in our
" hearts became a ſtrong motive
" to duty.

" We never taught our hearers
" to give a ſhilling to the poor with-
" out ſhewing them inſtances there-
" of by our own example, and
" our doctrine was believed, be-
" cauſe we in our private lives practi-
" ſed what we taught; true religion,
" not as a ſyſtematical rule, but as an
" obligation to duty, gave life to all
" we ſaid, and the Diſſenters in our
" times were men of as much pu-
" rity as humanity. Our hearers
" looked upon each other as bre-
" thren, and the poor found a friend
" in their diſtreſs without ſo much as
" aſking for it. Religion was
" then conſidered as a tranſcript of
" the divine perfections, and no
" ſolemn mockery was offered to

"that God who can neither deceive
"nor be deceived.

"But now, my friends, why this
"change? why this drinking and
"all manner of gluttony while your
"poor brethern are ſtarving? Is
"this conſiſtent with the Goſpel of
"Chriſt? or is it not a diſhonour to
"your holy profeſſion? Let me
"beg, that if you have any regard
"to the immortal ſouls of thoſe
"committed to your care you will
"deſiſt from practices that are
"even a diſgrace to a ſober heathen.
"If you do ſo, you will ſtill have it
"in your power to revive the de-
"caying ſtate of Religion, and
"bring your hearers, by your ex-
"ample, back to a ſtate of original
"holineſs.

"I

"I came to visit you in conse-
" quence of an order from heaven,
" and shall conclude in the follow-
" ing words:

" Oh that my people wisely would
" My just commandments heed,
" And Israel in my righteous ways
" With pious care proceed!

" Then should my heavy judgments fall
" On all who them oppose,
" And my avenging hand be turn'd
" Against their numerous foes.

" Their enemies and mine should all
" Before my footstool bend,
" But as for them, their happy state
" Should never know an end.

Such would be the sentiments of Mr. Baxter's ghost; but I am afraid, my dear friend, they would be little regarded by men who live in affluence

affluence by deceiving their fellow-creatures. They would laugh at Richard, and tell him to return to Kidderminſter, in Worceſterſhire, or to the other world.

I am, &c.

END OF VOL. IV.

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